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Saturday Review

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Notes of the Week

THE greatest need of the country is a stable Government with a thoroughly adequate majority. Is there any likelihood of the forthcoming election giving us what we so urgently require? We think not. Something depends on party tactics, something on luck, but however such factors may affect results there is no likelihood of sweeping changes. Labour, no doubt, will lose a good deal; Liberals are sure to suffer some sharp reverses; and Conservatism, reduced at the last election to something very near its minimum, will recover ground in Lancashire and elsewhere. But all the present indications point to a final position analogous to that in the present House of Commons. Not till Liberalism splits up into two sections and these take refuge in Labour and Conservatism respectively, will the country be wholly safe from the dangers of minority or nominal majority Government. But such a split can come only over questions more complex than those now to be put before the electorate.

ADMISSION BY THE DEFENCE

It is very rarely necessary to judge any man except out of his own mouth, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is self-condemned by his rhetorical question about the dropped prosecution of the Communist editor. "Who," he has asked, "can say what did, or did not, influence us?" That is precisely the point. It is just because no one can say positively what did or did not influence the extraordinary course adopted by

the Attorney-General that explanations have been demanded, that the Liberals have pressed for an inquiry, and that Conservatives brought forward a motion of censure. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald cannot bear inquiry or condemnation. His appeal is from the House of Commons to the electorate, he says. Well, but how can the electorate possibly judge without any material to go upon? It is sheer insolence to require the electorate to accept the necessarily prejudiced statements of Sir Patrick Hastings, which have been flatly contradicted at several important points by the Communists most nearly concerned, and at other points are discreditable to his judgment and sense of propriety.

LIBERAL INDECISION

The prospects of the Liberals have scarcely been improved by their display of hesitancy at the very last moment before the division on their demand for an inquiry into the dealings of the Government with the Communist editor. In certain circumstances, Mr. Asquith's offer to do without representation on the inquiring Committee and his expression of willingness to accept any other kind of inquiry might have appeared chivalrous. As matters stand, his generosity was very evidently akin to weakness. He feared, as many of his followers and colleagues, though not Mr. Lloyd George, fear the consequences of their action. A party that goes to the country with misgivings is likely to make little headway, and the Liberals, though deeply committed now, are not without doubters and even dissidents. Only a dozen of the Liberals voted with the Social-

Everything's right—  
if it's a

Remington  
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—  
First to-day!

ists on the motion for an inquiry, but in regard to the Russian deal there would have been a more serious division within the Liberal camp, and a really energetic general attack on Labour policy would cause no little disturbance in Liberalism. A large proportion of the Liberals would really have liked to act like the mistress who will neither dismiss an unsatisfactory servant nor desist from telling her she deserves dismissal.

#### MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S HOROSCOPE

We suspect that the stars which dominated Mr. Lloyd George's nativity decreed that he should profit chiefly by the embarrassments of his associates; and we suspect, further, that the close of the present year was the period indicated as the one in which he would gain most by their troubles. Evidently he feels himself that a new opportunity is opening out before him. He is in spirits, and for reasons more personal than public. The Liberal Party may not be on the eve of revival, and for our part we believe it to be doomed as a party; but Mr. Lloyd George's chances of leading it in fact, if not also in name, are distinctly better. Mr. Lloyd George is electorally safe; not so Mr. Asquith. Moreover, the party has been swung into action, not indeed boldly, but much less timidly than Mr. Asquith would wish, and the coming campaign is far more congenial to Mr. Lloyd George than to Mr. Asquith.

#### LABOUR AND THE LIBERALS

Mere reactionaries can only marvel at the passionate hatred which Progressives feel towards each other. Here is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who in earlier years so often advanced under cover of Liberal defences or through breaches in precedent made by Liberal innovators. The trade unions, on which he and his friends rely for the entire sinews of war, were put into their uniquely privileged position by an act of the Liberals eighteen years ago, when a cowardly Government agreed to place the unions above the law in respect of damage done by them in trade disputes. And he himself is Prime Minister only by grace of Mr. Asquith. But he finds the Liberals unspeakably vile; and after his fantastic diatribe against their crookedness and lust for torture as exhibited in the demand for an inquiry into the Campbell case, we must regard the unwritten understanding between all Progressives as shattered beyond repair. The move to the millennium will, of course, continue, but the two Progressive Parties will travel by separate routes.

#### ELECTION RESPONSIBILITY

It is easy to tell from his pronouncements that Mr. MacDonald's aim is to try to make the country believe that the election has been forced upon him by his political opponents. Words such as "I regret that national interests are being sacrificed to party tactics and the business of the nation brought to a standstill" no doubt sound well from the platform, but they will avail him nothing when he goes to the polls. This election has been brought about by his own acts and by nothing else. The more the electorate look into the occasion of the dissolution the clearer becomes the fact that the responsibility rests upon the shoulders of Mr. MacDonald, and upon his shoulders alone. Why all this fuss about a judicial inquiry? If there is nothing to hide, why resent investigation?

#### UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE SOCIALISTS

Unemployment was perhaps the chief campaigning weapon of the Socialists at the last General Election, and no one insisted more than Mr. MacDonald that the Socialist Party had plans for dealing at once with the problem. What these plans were could not, he said, be revealed "till a Labour Cabinet was clothed

with official responsibility." Well! The time limit for secrecy expired when the Liberals put the Socialists into office, so that Mr. MacDonald and his Cabinet have had nine months to reveal their plan. But up to now they have not "delivered the goods." In fact the unemployment figures are somewhat in advance of the February returns. Mr. Rose, the Labour Member for North Aberdeen, has very frankly laid bare the facts. "The simple truth," he tells us, "is that our loudly trumpeted professions that we alone had the precious elixir of industrial life and health were based upon sheer pretence and were at best nothing but plausible and political gags." We sincerely hope that Conservative candidates in the coming fight will not fail to expose the fraud which the Socialist Party has practised upon the unemployed.

#### THE LORDS AND THE IRISH BILL

The Marquess of Salisbury has succeeded with his resolution whereby the Lords by a substantial majority in a small House have placed on record what they, and we, believe to have been the intention of the framers of the Irish Treaty in regard to the adjustment of the boundary. This is well enough, but it would be optimistic to suppose that any declaration of the intentions of those who signed the Treaty on behalf of the British Government will influence the situation. The Southern Irish want what they want. If the Treaty can be interpreted, the Commission composed, in such a way as to get them what they covet, so much the better. But they will not limit their desires simply because it can be shown that no one, or hardly anyone, contemplated more than a slight rectification of the frontier. The Treaty, the Commission, are to them mere instruments, valuable only in so far as their purpose is served thereby.

#### THE HEDJAZ

Public opinion in this country always viewed unfavourably our entanglement in Arabian politics and will welcome our refusal to intervene in any way in the present crisis in the Hedjaz. The Government has good cause to congratulate itself on having recently abolished the policy of subsidies to Arab chieftains. King Hussein had a propensity for increasingly large sizes in crowns and his assumption of the Caliphate and of the title of "King of the Arab Countries" made him many enemies. With the Wahabis at the gates of Mecca, he has yielded to public pressure and abdicated in favour of his son, the Shenj Ali, Emir of Medina. The latter has been proclaimed as "Constitutional King of the Hedjaz," and has so far wisely laid no claim to the Caliphate. It may be that the Wahabis will now be satisfied with their achievements and will be prepared to come to terms with the new ruler. There will still remain, however, the thorny question of the choice of a new Caliph. It will be no easy matter to find one who will be acceptable to the varied races of the Mohammedan world.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE U.S.A.

Six weeks will now see the United States in the throes of a Presidential Election, which promises more thrills than any which has taken place for many years. The candidature of Senator La Follette, as an Independent Progressive, has seriously imperilled the chances of Mr. Coolidge, who seeks re-election on the Republican ticket. It is anticipated that Mr. La Follette, who will probably obtain the greater part of the Labour vote as well as the support of many farmers' organizations and a large section of the *intelligentsia*, will secure a sufficient number of representatives in the electoral college to prevent either Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Davis obtaining the necessary majority. In that case the matter will be referred to the House of Representatives and if, as is expected, they fail to agree, to the Senate. What will happen there it is impossible to say,

as one-third of the Senate as well as the whole House of Representatives will have been freshly elected, but it is anticipated that either General Dawes or Governor Bryan, respectively the Republican and Democratic candidates for the Vice-Presidency, would be sent to the White House. Two facts, however, are clear. There is, as yet, no real movement towards the League of Nations, but a fresh political force has been let loose in America, the ultimate effects of which it is impossible to estimate.

#### LIBERALS IN ITALY

It is scarcely too much to say that the recent Congress of the Liberal Party in Leghorn constitutes a landmark in Italian political history. The last of the great parties to support the Fascist regime, it has now by an overwhelming majority passed a resolution hostile to the Government, which demanded the very things, such as a return to the constitutional regime of the Albertine charter and the abolition of partisan military forces, which Signor Mussolini rejected in a public speech the day before. It is true that the right wing left the meeting before the voting and will probably leave the party and join the Fascists, but the fact remains that the Liberals as a whole must now go definitely into opposition. The Fascists have so far accepted this move without much excitement, but their position as a national institution as opposed to a party organization is now gone. Possibilities of far-reaching changes are opened up and future developments will be watched with great interest.

#### SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM

It has been said recently that the difference between Socialists and Communists is "not one of principle but of tactics." The economic aims of the two parties are identical; methods alone divide them. So with the Bolsheviks and the Socialists. The Secretary of the Transport Workers' Federation and one of Mr. MacDonald's lieutenants in the I.L.P. put the position in a nutshell when he said "Bolshevism was only Socialism with the courage of its convictions." It suits the Socialist Party to disown co-operation with the Communists, especially in view of the coming General Election; in fact it is the close connexion between the Communists and the left wing of the Socialist Party that is responsible for bringing the Government down. Mr. MacDonald is astute enough to recognize that any official connexion between the two parties will handicap him when it comes to a question of votes.

#### RECONCILING DIFFERENCES IN YUGOSLAVIA

We learn from an unimpeachable source that the Government of M. Davidovitch, the new Democrat Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, has agreed definitely to the inclusion in the Cabinet of four members of the Croat Peasant Party. They are MM. Machek, Predavec, Krnjevitch, and Koshoutitch. At the same time news comes to hand of a declaration by M. Radic in which he associates his party with the peaceful and constitutional development of the country and advocates a constitutional monarchy and a parliamentary system adapted from the British model. The importance of these events cannot be overestimated. The decision of M. Davidovitch and his colleagues to accept the active participation of the Croatian leaders in the government and the moderation of M. Radic's programme may well put an end to the political animosities which have retarded the development of the country ever since its inception as the Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom. The success of the new democratic policy is likely to have far-reaching effects on the political and economic stability of Yugoslavia and go far towards securing peace in South Eastern Europe as a whole.

#### THE DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT

LABOUR hopes of defeating the motion of censure by the amendment and the amendment by the vote of censure have proved vain, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Government has sustained a crushing defeat. A dozen Liberals and a couple of Conservatives found it possible to aid the Government on the division, and half-a-dozen Conservatives were absent unpaired, but the voting followed natural lines for the rest, and defeat was foreseen by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. It was foreseen, and it was rendered inevitable by his refusal to avail himself of the opening to which Mr. Asquith clearly pointed, in offering to do without Liberal representation on the Committee of Inquiry proposed by the Liberal amendment and in expressing willingness to accept investigation by any other body that the House might deem competent to undertake it. It comes, then, to this, that the Government, declaring it has nothing to conceal, is so averse from investigation that no matter what the inquiring body may be and how political opinion may be represented on it, prefers defeat and the risks of an election to facing a comprehensive examination of its conduct.

It has done nothing to render an inquiry less necessary. On the contrary, it has revealed just enough to emphasize the need of further information. The Prime Minister, if we may still so call him, was but the other day wholly without cognizance of the inner developments of the Campbell case. Now, by his own explanation, though still as innocent as ever, and indeed even purer of all taint than he at first represented himself to be, he was aware of what was being done. He formed an opinion on the prosecution of Mr. Campbell; he expressed an opinion on it; only, he did not determine the attitude and actions of the Attorney-General. As for the Attorney-General, whose defence we suppose was disorganized by the surprise of finding himself in the dock instead of at the Bar, he admits that he, of course in perfect good faith, told the House the other day a good deal that was not in strict accordance with fact, but he too is innocent. Were all to do again, he would act in exactly the same way. The initiation of the proceedings against Mr. Campbell was right, the withdrawal was also right, and though he did get some apparently erroneous statements about Mr. Campbell from Mr. Maxton, and did speak about the affair to a gathering of Ministers, he was influenced by nothing political or improper. His justification has an air of great innocence, because it abounds in minutely detailed accounts of trivial or irrelevant matters. It suggests that a man so lavish with unessential facts must have included in his diffuse recital of events all that are essential. But the public, though appreciative of his particularity about things of no moment, and touched by the information that his movements are determined by the date of his wife's birthday, is very little nearer getting at the vital facts.

To the plea that an Attorney-General may or must consult the executive in regard to prosecutions undertaken in the interests of the State when the consequences are likely to affect the common welfare there is a clear answer. It is obviously right that, where strikes or riots or international complications may follow from a prosecution, the question of initiating it should receive the attention of other Ministers. But it is an altogether different thing, when a prosecution has been launched, that Ministers should be consulted regarding its suspension or withdrawal. Again, there is all the difference in the world between an honest examination of the question with regard to the national interest, an honest inquiry whether the national welfare will really be served by setting the law in motion against an offender, and a calculation of the Party gains and losses to be expected. Further, since Sir Patrick Hastings has cited what he takes to be the precedent of Lord Birkenhead's action during the war, there is an immeasurable gulf between the withdrawal of a prosecution when definite and public undertakings to refrain



from repetition of the offence have been given by the accused and withdrawal without any such undertakings and with every prospect of seeing the offence continued, aggravated, and boasted about. Finally, there is nothing which even Sir Patrick Hastings can mistake for a partial precedent for a withdrawal of a prosecution on grounds wholly fallacious and unauthorized by the responsible Minister, who remains in cheerful ignorance of those grounds until long afterwards he gathers them from the public prints.

But it is not on Sir Patrick Hastings that the public gaze is now fixed. He may have provided the occasion of wrongdoing and facilitated it; but the main guilt is the Government's. As Sir Robert Horne and other critics have shown, the Government has acted in this matter in a manner which must, on the most charitable view, be described as extremely suspicious, rendered the worse by its reticence on the main points in the midst of intolerable prolixity about secondary or irrelevant issues. Brought to book for its conduct, it offers explanations of a sort, but is insolent enough to affect to regard the whole crisis as a storm in a tea-cup. It cannot, or will not, acknowledge that there could hardly be a question of deeper concern to the people than the sanctity of the principle on which justice has hitherto been administered in this country. Defeat brings no contrition. The final speech in the debate which culminated in disaster for the Government was a warning from Mr. Thomas that Conservatives and Liberals were driving the constitutional trade unions into the hands of the Communists. The abhorrence which Labour now feels for those in whose interests it both dropped the prosecution of a Communist editor and made a treaty with Soviet Russia is the most remarkable of recent political phenomena. Sir Patrick Hastings, who must be presumed never to have talked with certain of those who sit behind him in the House, tells the House he has never spoken to a Communist. Mr. Thomas can imagine nothing more dreadful than that he and his friends should be forced into relations with the Communists when they go to the country. They are going to the country to obtain what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has described as a free hand.

The freedom that they desire, however, is little if anything more than freedom from Conservative, and occasional Liberal, interference with their liberty to pay blackmail to Communists out of the public pocket and at the expense of everything which the bulk of the electorate values. The liberty they seek is the liberty to remain in bondage without having public attention called to it, and the torture from which their hypersensitive leader recoils shuddering is not of the Communist rack but that of undergoing it under the general view and of being obliged to invent explanations that all extorted by such sufferings is voluntary and done purely for the common good. The blackmail but slightly troubles Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; it is inquiry into it that he cannot abide, and the reputation of being one who pays that wounds him beyond endurance. And Mr. Thomas solemnly warns us that one more question will send the Socialists into association with those who already dominate and bleed them. If it is to be so, so be it. It can only be to the national advantage that the Labour Party should be forced to abandon its pretences and either to place its true masters among its avowed leaders or to break with them, if it can.

The Labour Party is more ready for the election than its rivals, and the decision to hasten the election is prompted no doubt by the wish to take the fullest advantage of its preparedness. The electors are to be hustled into voting on the conduct of the MacDonald ministry before they are in possession of materials for forming a sound judgment on all the facts. Not with complete knowledge, therefore, since Mr. MacDonald refuses information, but on instinct must the electors decide; but the instinct of the people, where the purity of the administration of justice is involved, is sure, as Labour will painfully and speedily discover.

## THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN IMPASSE

THE doubts entertained as to the successful issue of conversations with the Egyptian Premier have been justified. Zaghlul Pasha has left London not only without having achieved any semblance of an accord with the British Government but, apparently, to judge from his parting utterances, in a mood of renewed bitterness, which obviously threatens trouble.

The whole episode finally proves what has long been divined by informed observers—the complete irreconcilability of Egyptian Nationalist aims with common sense and with the bare necessities of British foreign policy. The content of the demands tabulated by Zaghlul, as revealed in the measured terms of the despatch addressed by Mr. MacDonald to Lord Allenby, would have appeared completely incredible to anyone acquainted with the situation in Egypt. We are requested to withdraw every unit of our forces from the country, to retract our declaration forbidding the interference of foreign powers and thereby to leave Egypt as a prey to any European country which cares to annex it, and to renounce the right even to share in the defence of the Suez Canal. No one who reads the despatch can conclude otherwise than that Zaghlul, in seeking conversations with the British Government, had no serious intent whatever. His demands were intended merely as a public identification of himself with the extremists, whose political object is the prevention of any settlement of the Egyptian question.

Yet we cannot regret the holding of the conversations. At least they must have provided serious thinkers in Egypt, if any such exist, with proof of the genuineness of the British desire for a settlement, and on this practical side they have served to formulate and to communicate to the Egyptians the irreducible minima of British requirements. They have been useful if their incidence has compelled the British Government to take stock of the necessities of a situation which has been neglected too long. It is, at any rate, a matter for satisfaction that the Egyptians have at last been informed of the limits of concession beyond which neither cajolery nor violence can move the British people.

But it is to be hoped that no British Government, whatever its complexion, will be content to let the Egyptian question remain in its present position. To do so would be merely to repeat the confused thinking and pusillanimous delay from which all our Egyptian embarrassments have sprung. Zaghlul's return home empty-handed means only too probably the beginning of trouble. His failure to realize the extravagant hopes of his supporters will very likely involve a renewal of agitation and lawlessness in Egypt, and we must be prepared to deal, both there and in the Sudan, with what may shortly be a very dangerous situation.

Zaghlul must either yield to the fury of the extremists or vacate the stage in favour of some more violent leader. In either event the same results are likely to ensue. The old campaign of terrorism and lawlessness will be renewed. We must certainly look forward to an intensive course of demonstrations and riots, if not to boycotts and political assassinations. Our past weakness has induced the belief that, whatever may be our declared policy, we may always be expected to yield to violence. This conviction, which our mistakes have done so much to foster, we must spare no pains to banish from the Egyptian mind. But for our weakness in the past and our hesitation in dealing with exhibitions of petulant lawlessness, we should long ago have settled the Egyptian problem in a manner involving nothing like the degree of peril to our transcendent interests in the country which we have now incurred—and incurred merely with the result of rendering the extremists more extreme in their demands, while betraying the large number of our friends and supporters and launching a regime of disorder and maladministration which sooner or later will involve disaster for Egypt. Much of the mischief is



now irremediable, but at any rate steps can and must be taken to prevent the situation from becoming worse, as it undoubtedly may, now that an Anglo-Egyptian agreement has been definitely shown to be impossible.

The lesson to be taken to heart is that it is useless to wait any longer in the hope that the Egyptians may develop a frame of mind such as will render an accord possible. Of such a result we must frankly despair. Zaghlul began his career as Premier with an attempt at serious statesmanship, and even he, undoubtedly more influential among his countrymen than any man of his time, has been unable to influence them towards a reasonable attitude. We must take our own course without any further postponement or shelving of difficulties.

So far as Egypt itself is concerned, we are of course precluded from adopting any new line of policy. We have made the country independent and we must be content to watch the vagaries of the Egyptian Parliament and the increasing debility of the national administration without any right to interfere. We might be content for a time to remain indifferent spectators of internal events in Egypt, were it not for the country's peculiar international position. The whole of such commercial interests as exist in the country are in the hands of the foreign communities and it is these people who will be the chief sufferers in the event of an outbreak of anarchy. We have deliberately assumed the burden of protecting the safety of the foreign residents and the failure of the recent attempt at a settlement has emphasized and increased our responsibility. The Egyptians must be given clearly to understand that they will not be allowed so to disorganize the settled life of the country by political agitation as to threaten the safety or comfort of foreign inhabitants. We must be prepared—and the Egyptians must be so notified—to recall the too generous concessions that we have already made to Nationalist sentiment, if the removal of our control is found to result in outbursts of petulance which menace the order of the country.

Meanwhile, in the Sudan, which remains ours and cannot be abandoned, we should at the earliest possible moment regularize our own position to suit the new circumstances and take such steps as may be necessary to secure the orderly and peaceable progress of the country under the British flag. Happily, the Government has given to the authorities in the Sudan a clear direction that all necessary measures must be taken for the preservation of order and the effectuation of British policy.

## HOW LABOUR FELL

(By OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

*Westminster, October 9*

THOSE who were present at the long and interesting debate which resulted in the fall of the Labour Government by 364 votes to 198 in favour of the Liberal amendment establishing a Select Committee to inquire into the Campbell case carried away with them memories of politicians on the offensive and on the defensive which will live when the actual matter of debate is quite forgotten. Perhaps the most striking figure in that seven hours of oratory was Mr. Asquith, playing the rôle of the Fury with the abhorred shears, slitting the Government's thin-spun life.

Never was there such a jovial Fury. Speaking from the Opposition side of the dispatch box, he brought down the house by wiping away a mock tear with a comic gesture, as he announced that he would drop a sympathetic tear on the funeral oration just pronounced by the Prime Minister over the Government's expected demise. All smiles and jests, he suggested that it might be better to wait till the corpse was interred, or at least until the doctor had pronounced life extinct.

His efforts to laugh the Labour Ministry out of its suicidal intentions called forth roars of laughter, and he hit off very happily the attitude taken up by the Labour Party throughout the discussion with the words "sacrosanct supersensitiveness." Mr. Lloyd George, who was also in gay mood, almost doubled up with laughter at some of Mr. Asquith's references to him, how in the Marconi inquiry he faced the thumbscrew and the rack of a Select Committee without whimpering about torture chambers. It was again Mr. Lloyd George who called forth a sentence which convulsed all hearers. "It is," said Mr. Asquith, "one of the features of political comradeship that we need not always be of the same mind." The political comrade who had not always been of the same mind as the speaker chuckled with appreciation.

Mr. Asquith was so eloquent about Select Committees that some members of the Government almost felt that it was quite the thing for a Cabinet to have one or two such Committees inquiring into its behaviour. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was not one of them. The Prime Minister did not try to conceal his dislike of Mr. Asquith's persiflage: it was as bad as joking at a funeral. He had just made a speech full of earnestness and heroics, showing the Government worthy of a martyr's crown, and the Liberal leader added to the injury of an "unfair" and "mean" proposal the insult of not taking him seriously. He was very restless, tapping perpetually with his fingers, as is his custom when worried: occasionally he would hug his knee, and his foot would go through spasmodic movements of kicking some invisible enemy.

The Attorney-General, in the double rôle of prisoner at the bar and counsel for the defence, was not so picturesquely effective. He was wise enough not to browbeat the house with that superior manner in which he answered questions on the Campbell case the other day. He had endless documents to read, signed and sealed by every person who had the remotest connexion with the case, and he put in evidence as to countless details concerning times and places, which served rather to darken than illuminate counsel.

Once, before the war, in the French Chamber, M. Briand, with a wonderful gesture exclaimed, "Je suis un honnête homme," and the mere utterance of these words reduced his opponents to silence. Sir Patrick Hastings is not capable of such a gesture and lacks M. Briand's golden voice, but he repeated with variations the substance of the appeal, asking in tones of injured innocence, "What have I done wrong?" He was so moved by his own wrongs or eloquence that his voice failed him and he had to send for water to restore his powers.

At the beginning of the debate the Prime Minister wished to correct a statement he had made as to the Campbell case in answer to a question, and, as his correction was distinctly obscure, Mr. Austen Chamberlain cross-examined him in a courteous and dignified style which commanded the respect even of the Socialists. Mr. Chamberlain is almost the only remaining Member to put the top hat to its full use both for defence and offence. Sir Henry Craik, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Pringle and one or two other Members still affect the headgear of ceremony, but none of them handle it with the address and "maestria" of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in whose hands or on whose head it is as expressive as a fan manipulated by an Andalusian beauty.

A striking intervention in the debate was the brief Puck-like apparition of Mr. Baldwin at the dispatch-box. The Leader of the Opposition is a political Peter Pan, a politician who has never grown up: the very way he has of screwing up his lips suggests that he has not yet been able to take seriously the art of Parliamentary tactics. On this occasion he called check and mate to the Government. He announced that the Conservatives would leave their motion of censure and vote for the Liberal amendment, so that

no Liberal manœuvres could save the Government. He found the happy phrase to explain the situation. "We are not," he said, "going to be the dupes of procedure." The attack on the Government was opened by Sir Robert Horne, who has a bluff way with him that is not unpleasing. Sir John Simon has a touch of venom in the subtlety of his legal mind, and he annoyed the Prime Minister very badly by pointing out a coincidence of date between the Soviet Treaty negotiations and the abandonment of the Campbell case. This remark Mr. Ramsay MacDonald called "a petty little old-maidish discovery," and the phrase was comically expressive of Sir John Simon's manner. Sir Douglas Hogg wound up the case for the prosecution in a very vigorous speech, which made the Prime Minister wriggle in his seat, while he played with his spectacle case and tried to look unconcerned. There is something very innocent and bland in Sir Douglas's round face, with his round spectacles, and the decision, not to say fierceness of his tone, was the more effective for the contrast. He was determined that the conduct of the Government should not go uninvestigated and unchallenged. The debate closed with a speech for the defence by Mr. J. H. Thomas, whose style of oratory is beginning to suffer from over-emphasis. He has a dangerous power of uttering a triviality as though the future of the Empire depended on it, and he spoke with bated breath of the possible fall of the Government as a universal catastrophe.

There was singularly little excitement in the House when the Government defeat was announced. Seven hours of concentrated attention on front benchers' speeches had tired everybody, and the desire for bed prevailed.

### THE PRIME MINISTER ON OUR OLD NOBILITY

By A. A. B.

IN the course of an interview with Mr. Wickham Steed, the Prime Minister, after discussing The Affair Hastings of the Russian Treaty, suddenly flashed his bull's-eye on the inner consciousness of the Socialist Party. "Our patriotism," he explained, "is a thing we feel deeply but do not talk about often." The feeling must be very deep, for I do not remember the Socialists talking about anything but the class war, the capital levy, the abolition of capital, and the reconstruction of society upon a nationalist or egalitarian basis. Indeed, as the Socialists, almost to a man, were during the war pacifists, and some of them conscientious objectors; and as they are now defending their Attorney-General for refusing to prosecute an editor for a breach of the Mutiny Act, I wish they would for a change talk about patriotism, and define it. Judging by their speeches one is inclined to suspect that the Socialists accept Johnson's definition of patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel; in which case they are wise not to talk about it often.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's next revelation of esoteric Socialism was more astounding. "In the spiritual quality it" (i.e., our patriotism) "is akin to the old gentry and nobility, though they, of course, have enjoyed and enjoy privileges which we do not share. But we understand them, and I believe they understand us. They, too, love the soil, and their houses and the villages and the villagers, and they try to fulfil in their way the obligations of social service which their positions involve. They are not often to be found among the loud-mouthed patriots of the noisy school who bark against Socialism. We feel the difference between people of this quality—whom I call the gentlemen—and the other sort, even in the House of Commons." I agree with every word about the old gentry and nobility, and think it finely said. I have always wondered why the new democracy should be so bitterly jealous of the share in politics—God knows,

it is small enough—taken by families who have lived for centuries on English soil, while they placidly accept government at the hands of men who, or whose fathers, have come from Hamburg or Frankfurt. The territorial aristocracy is not, of course, comprised in the peerage. There are hosts of baronets and plain esquires who have pedigrees as good as "the old rock" of the House of Lords. I class them altogether as country gentlemen, who love the soil of England, but who do not talk about it. Once in a century, perhaps, some distinguished member of their order with the gift of style steps forward and gives expression to this deep feeling. Macaulay distinguishes George Savile Marquess of Halifax as one of the finest minds of the seventeenth century; he died within a few years of its close. This nobleman was called by his contemporaries "The Trimmer," and in his written apology of that character there occurs a passage which, though familiar to some, cannot be too often quoted: "Our Trimmer is far from idolatry in other things, in one thing only he cometh near it, his country is in some degree his idol; he doth not worship the sun, because 'tis not peculiar to us, it rambles about the world, and is less kind to us than others; but for the earth of England, tho' perhaps inferior to that of many places abroad, to him there is Divinity in it, and he would rather die, than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser." That is the noblest wording of the feelings of an English country gentleman within the range of our language.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald declares that he appreciates, nay, shares those feelings, and I would not accuse him of insincerity, for he is a rhetorician and an emotional mystic. But his words as the interpretation of the Socialist Party's opinions are a mockery of the facts and an insult to our intelligence. The Socialists have declared war upon the castle, not by fire and sword, but by the rate and tax collectors, who have to gather the funds necessary, not for the payment of War debt, but for the supply of luxuries to the masses. The Socialists are emptying the manor houses, whose owners are selling as fast as they can find buyers of their farms. But while declaring their intention of destroying in the fullness of time every kind of private ownership, the Socialists have singled out two species of property for immediate confiscation, rents and coal. But the old nobility, whom the Prime Minister so loves, have waxed strong upon rents and coal. Without coal where would have been the Percys, the Vanes, the Tempests, the Lowthers, the Lambtons, the Gowers, the Bentincks, the Wentworths, the Wortleys, the Stanhopes? Without rents where would be the Stanleys, the Russells, the Grosvenors, the Portmans? Even now a northern duke has told us that when he has paid his income-tax, super-tax, royalty tax, and rates, for every £1 which he is supposed to be paid for mining royalties, only 2s. 6d. remains in his pocket. That is to say, the owner of a gross rental of £80,000 only receives £10,000, which has a purchasing power of about £7,000. As for the ground landlords, their time is coming, for undeterred by the failure of Mr. Lloyd George, the Socialists are forging new taxes to bleed the owners of urban property to death. Verily, if the Prime Minister and his Socialist Party love the gentry and old nobility, they dissemble their affection with the most perfect success.

But there are some men in whose breasts love is an affair of comparison; when the Prime Minister says the Socialists join with the gentry and old nobility in love of the soil, he may only mean that they love the soil so much that they are determined to possess it. Or he may only mean that the Socialists hate the Percys, the Lowthers, etc., less than "the other sort." For it is plain that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's sympathy with the new rich is as imperfect as Lamb's sympathy with Jews and Scotchmen. "The other sort," he goes on to confide to Mr. Steed, "who have their country places, often newly bought, and their shooting, and



their hunting, are always ready to proclaim their patriotism and to hit below the belt, in the House of Commons or elsewhere, when they can. There is something of this ungentlemanly taint in the present situation, and that is what one resents and regrets, for the country and its interests are far more to me than any personal reason." To whom is the Prime Minister referring? I do not dispute the ungentlemanly taint about the profiteer, but I fail to see how he affects the present situation. The wretch, as soon as he has bought his red robe and made obeisance in the House of Lords, hurries off to paint his coronet on the panels of his Rolls-Royce, and as far as politics are concerned is seen and heard no more. Who are the shooters and hunters who hit below Mr. MacDonald's belt, and spread an ungentlemanly taint over the knightly combats of St. Stephen's? Mr. Asquith, Sir John Simon, and Mr. Lloyd George do not shoot, or hunt anything but golf-balls in gorse bushes. The Prime Minister cannot be alluding to the harmless, necessary Mr. Baldwin, or to that brace of brisk solicitors, with double-barrelled names, Sir William Joynson-Hicks and Sir Laming Worthington-Evans. The Chamberlain brothers have nothing of the new rich about them; and Sir Robert Horne is more formidable in the ball-room than on the moor or across country. I give it up; "and so ends my catechism." Perhaps Mr. Wickham Steed, when he publishes the Prime Minister's confidences in his *Review*, will add exegetical notes on the ungentlemanly taint, and on the gentle art of hitting below a Socialist's belt.

#### THE CURSES OF ADAM

SOMETHING, at long last, falls to be said for the young woman. Three of her, the other day, smoked cigarettes in a railway-carriage: a gentleman called attention to the fact on a public platform, and his censure made copy for the newspapers. He confessed that he failed to find the smoking immoral; but he thought it "not pretty." Yet of prettiness are not the rest of us, perhaps, as good judges as he? There are those whose business it is to condemn immorality: let them beware, when they turn a questioning eye on matters of taste, lest they fall into that "too strong display of professional feeling" which Macaulay discovered amid the fulminations of Jeremy Collier. And let them, moreover, be clear what the question is. Is the young woman's crime that she succeeds in making herself attractive, or that she fails? We have heard enough about the iniquity of her short skirts and her powder-puffs: now we are fain to understand its nature. We know that she makes up her face: we invite the critics to make up their minds. We can all echo, of course, Ben Jonson's:

Give me a look, give me a face  
That makes simplicity a grace.

The problem remains—what is to be done about looks and faces that don't make simplicity anything of the kind? And where is the campaign against artificiality to end? If a false complexion perturbs us, what of a false tooth? Both are, to say the best of it, second nature. If the critic's charge is merely that, on occasion, the second nature's embellishment of the first runs to excess, we meet it with confession and avoidance. The fact is such, but does it matter? The ignorant and rash do doubtless use their rouge too lavishly, "making the green one red"; Paris is full of demure maidens bewitched with those carmine curves that do not follow the lines of the original mouth, and know no rule save of relativity—Cupid's bows that miss the mark; and London is not slow to follow suit. Eyebrows are acquainted with a pencil that has been dipped, like that of Shelley's painter, "in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse." And hair yields itself to the discipline of the bob—or of the shingle, which may be described as a bob each way. But what of it? Unless woman is to shave her head and get her to a

nunnery, she will practise the tiring of her hair—as many a man (if the truth about the plainer sex is to be confessed) has practised the toothbrush and walrus varieties of moustache, and even, till the cry of "Beaver!" swept like a razor across a million chins, the forked or pointed beard. It is not of such vanities that sin and falsehood are compounded. You cannot dissolve the cosmos with cosmetics: the proportion is too grossly inexact. What is all this to-do about a cigarette, which can but end in smoke, among folk that know unkindness?—or what are lip-stick and powder-puff, trifles light as air, when weighed in the balance against the mill-stone of spiritual pride? Can we doubt which scale will fly up and kick the beam?

In a world where it is anyway so easy to go astray, it seems a pity to create new sins. Yet that is the vice of too easy censure; and those who find fault with imaginary errors are often but paving the way to real ones. They will rebuke a class, school, set, age, rank or condition of persons, for a slight aberration; and so they will set up a conflict between experiment and the code; and the experimentalist, finding in herself no great sense of shame over the fact, but a great deal of pride in the performance, will flatter herself for heroine, rebel, martyr, and iconoclast, and so will try her hand at further experiments perhaps less innocent, and excite herself into revolt against all codes whatsoever; and the responsibility for this will lie at the door of the unnecessary moralist. Let us deplore by all means, though without too rotund an eloquence, that the arrogantly lifted nose of youth should be tombstone-tinted with powder, a marble monument: but time and tears will melt that arrogance, and we shall be sorry to see it go.

Fashions may be trivial, they may be hideous, but they pass. "Surely," as Bacon said, "every medicine is an innovation, and he that will apply new remedies must expect new evils. For time is the greatest innovator; and if time of course alters things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?" The point is, that wisdom and counsel must concern themselves with realities and not with shows. Whether this fashion or that, the ruff or the hoop, the patch or the ringlet, the vapours or the smoke-wreaths, be commendable—that is one question: a more important one is whether we do wrong or right to condemn their intention. The carmine that fails of its purpose, the dress whose curtailment is supererogation, lie open to the charge that they have not made their victim more beautiful: the moralist on the platform too often implies that beautification itself is the fault. There is the confusion. Three young women smoking in a train may be "not pretty"—may fail to bewitch, entrance, impress, allure; the usual charge against them is not that they fail, but that they attempt to succeed. Cigarette-smoking as a mere sensual indulgence could hardly be held more odious than the chewing of chocolates: it is not ordinarily condemned on the ground that it gives pleasure to the smoker, but rather on the ground that it goes, with the shortening of frocks and the baring of chests and backs, to the everlasting bonfire: ashes to ashes, smoke to smoke. All the care and carelessness of the young woman—her care for appearances, her carelessness of her elders' judgments—are assumed to be iniquitous because they are assumed to be weapons of sex. Yet it is strange if to the human race alone is to be denied that enchantment which is so obviously the business of all other created things. The power which painted the orchid and the rose, which burnished the wings of the butterfly and the eyes of the peacock's tail, may be supposed to have some sympathy with the whims and tricks of fashion. If there is one law which runs through the whole hierarchy and range of life, it is that the female shall be beautiful for the male and the male (but somehow, among humans, this part appears to be frequently forgotten) for the female. We will make the amateur moralists a present of the logic that will



rationalize their oburgations and reduce their protests into harmony with the eternal scheme. In the depths of their minds, whether they know it or not, the objection is to the travesty of beautification rather than to its excess: for there can be no excess of beauty. The precocity which takes occasion by the throat is apt to choke it: the early bloom of artifice frustrates, not aids, the purposes of nature: therefore the only rational accusation against the young woman is that she purloins without necessity the "adulteries of art": her better wisdom would be to enjoy the freshness and ignorance of youth while they belong to her, and not trespass upon those splendours (such as cigarette-smoking) which are enhanced by waiting. Let the moralists preach the exquisiteness of immaturity rather than the ugliness of cigarettes, and they will deserve an audience. Failing that, they may come to grief through their own prohibitions. Democracy is always delighted to swing its censors, or to drown its prohibitionists in a reputed kilderkin.

B. B.

### THE FRENCH BUDGET

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

THE French Minister of Finance, M. Clémentel, has recently communicated his draft of the new Budget to the financial commission of the Chamber. This communication was anxiously awaited in financial circles; the threat of a capital levy, often uttered by the Socialists and the more advanced Radicals, was hanging over the Bourse, and virtually paralysed all transactions. But M. Clémentel, who was Minister of Commerce in several previous Cabinets, is too practical a business man to have indulged Utopians in their capital-killing views. Like Mr. Snowden, he appeared before the commission with a Budget which is neither Socialist nor even specifically Radical, and since then the Bourse has been quite cheerful.

The reader must remember what were M. Poincaré's devices to balance the Budget: a wholesale raising of all taxes, indirect as well as direct, by 20 per cent. (*double décime*); the suppression of several thousand functionaries' jobs; the suppression of all monopolies, as not one of them brings in anything to the Treasury; finally the Ruhr payments, which at the time were beginning to be more regular than had seemed possible. The *double décime* alone was enough to stop the headlong fall of the franc in that eventful week of last January when the £ reached 103 francs. As for the reduction of the number of functionaries, it cost M. Poincaré his chance of success at the General Election.

The Radicals—and above all their leader, M. Herriot—sharply criticized these measures, no matter what their immediate results seemed to be. M. Herriot was especially opposed to the *double décime*. "What else is it," he asked, "than the well-known expedient of the *Ancien Régime* to make money when the Treasury is in any embarrassment? Nothing can be more remote from what an up-to-date taxation ought to be. The problem is to transfer part of the individual's wealth into the coffers of the State. This ought to be done by seeking wealth where it really is—in the safes of capitalists."

The Radicals advocated two practical methods for bringing about this result: first a capital levy, which might be very simply effected by marking banknotes as diminished by a certain fraction and declaring that all unmarked bills should be regarded as called in; and, in the second place, by basing the whole taxation on the income tax, and making this particular tax truly democratic by exempting workmen's salaries from it. These views were given great publicity at the time of the General Election, and it is needless to point out how popular they were sure to be. Moreover, the Radicals threw out other baits. The tax on the turnover, which small tradesmen hated, was to be stopped; the salaries

of civil servants of all degrees were to be increased by 1,800 francs; no fresh loans were to be floated; finally, the Budget should be balanced without counting on German repayments. The election was carried by the Radicals largely on the strength of these promises, largely too by the active propaganda of officials in their favour.

The opponents of the new Cabinet stated from the first that at least two items in the proposed financial remodelling could not possibly be carried out. The *double décime*, bringing in seven billions, could not be replaced by the income tax, bringing in less than two, without an extension of the latter tax requiring long investigations and a *personnel* three times as large as it now is; in the second place, a million officials could not be given the rise promised to them without wrecking the Budget. A few months would inevitably show that M. Herriot could not make his electoral promises good.

M. Clémentel's proposed outline—a pretty long memorandum of seventeen pages—shows that these critics of Radical-Socialist taxation were right. The *double décime* figures in the new Budget, and to a question asked by his predecessor, M. Bokanowski, the Minister replied that he did not see his way to leaving it out. The rise promised to officials has been remembered; but, instead of amounting to 1,800 francs it is limited to barely a fourth of this sum, and the total involved already reaches 700 millions. The turnover tax is still on the Budget, and while flour no longer pays it, exports, which so far were exempt, will now pay it. The Minister feels sure he can do with one final loan, but the loan is there all the same. Finally, six of the 32 billions representing expenditure are to be procured by taxes which, it is hoped, will make up that sum, and the payment of 800 millions by Germany is regarded as a certainty instead of a possibility.

All this shows that the Budget will be open to attack from two sides. The Socialists will not fail to upbraid the Government for not keeping its promise to squeeze Capital and to make the situation of civil servants better than it is. The Poincarists will point out that, after denouncing M. Poincaré's methods, M. Herriot has adopted them, but even so fails to balance his Budget perfectly; Germany may not pay; and the new taxes may not yield what they are expected to yield. This will keep politicians busy, but practical men will rejoice that M. Clémentel has, on the whole, been wiser than his party. And who knows but that, in their hearts, the Socialists themselves will be grateful to him? Four months ago they seemed as anxious *not* to take office as their English comrades had been to grasp it, and such timidity is at all events a form of prudence.

### Verse

#### THOUGHTS BEFORE DAWN

THIS breathing self—though to myself 'tis I—  
Cannot itself contain. Around me die  
Daily a world of things, which, by their make  
Seem other—separate. But in yon sky,

Where wanes one moon, what thousands were awake—  
While memory, with rich breath at give and take,  
Receives and renders life! Thus must I be  
Always unsatisfied, from having drunk  
So deeply of a wave where moons have sunk,  
Thirsting for moons which I shall never see!

Yet in my dreams they rise; their kingdoms come.  
Oh, softly, upon a world where I lie dumb,  
What breathing dawns shall break! My day goes by,  
Fore-knowing, and fore-shadowed of its rest:  
But those far suns are gathered to my breast,  
As here, released from self, content I lie,  
Watching an old moon reap the morning sky.

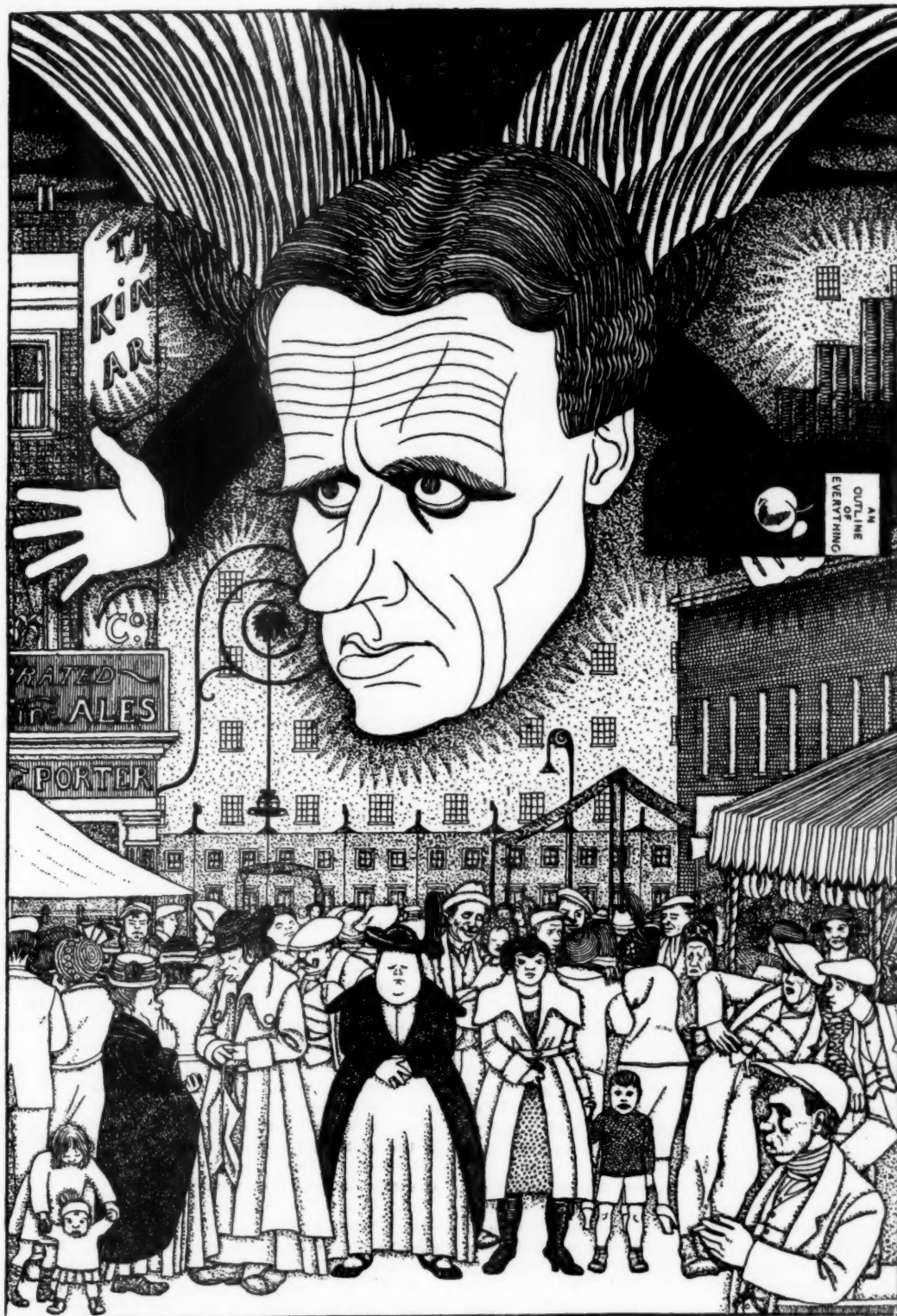
LAURENCE HOUSMAN

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Dramatis Personæ. No. 130.

By 'Quiz'

THE RT. HON. C. P. TREVELYAN, M.P.

## Reviews

## IMPERIAL AND SOCIAL

*Memories of the Twentieth Century.* By Reginald, 12th Earl of Meath. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE was sure to be a call upon the Earl of Meath to continue the success of the 'Memories of the Nineteenth Century,' and the call has been met in the same pleasant way. The manner and matter of the new volume are equally happy. Here is the Englishman, not given to magnify his personal achievement, entirely modest. Observing the proportion of things, Lord Meath safeguards his seriousness of intent by humour the more facile because it is Anglo-Irish. As for the social services here recorded, in their range and multifariousness we should be bewildered were it not that all tend to the same excellent purpose. 'Thoughts on Imperial and Social Subjects.' That was the title fitly inscribed upon a joint work of the Earl and his Countess. Through the fifty years of their golden partnership they were copious and inexhaustible in their good will towards men, carried into act. If ever the term Socialism were rightly applied, here is a very pattern of it discovered. Philanthropists, true patriots, they exhibited in themselves and inspired in others whatsoever makes for sound progress.

The appeal of one's country is that of the family extended, and not diluted in extension. Ireland, the Empire, and that which lay beyond, was not too wide a sphere for the exercise of practical wisdom. In her ministry to children the Countess included the disabled of whatever age in whatever way, while Duty and Discipline, the Earl's watchword, describe the pressing need of old and young to foster within themselves the sense of privilege and responsibility. The nation was asleep, lapped in luxury. Materialism was sapping the vigour of the British race. Size and wealth do not make the commonwealth. In the home, the school, the State, discipline was forgotten. There was no care to endure the Spartan training, and "live hard." The humanitarianism of individuals and of the State was all too easy, and often pernicious. Who should issue a trumpet-call and bid the dry bones stir? All the problems of the Empire are interconnected and one. With decay at the centre, all Empires have speedily crumbled. If we want patriotism, Lord Meath is tireless in proclaiming, we must first attend to social reforms. We must have something for which to fight. And such patriotism should not be aggressive, militaristic. He foresaw the militarism of Germany; warned us against it, bade us be prepared to withstand. And he has seen how, once again, the effort towards world-domination has defeated itself. Sane patriotism is responsibility, duty, sympathy, self-sacrifice. The men and women of to-morrow must be men and women of character. Nations, empires, rise if possessed by ideals, and fail through degeneration and apathy. Harder and more diligent must we live to-day, and propagate the right tradition.

Lord Meath has kept no diary, and draws upon that of his wife. It is a diary of labours. They traversed the Empire repeatedly, devoted to their tasks which, fundamentally, are one. The charm of new surroundings might not divert them from forging the bonds of sympathy. They could not fail, indeed, to encounter demurs and obstacles, but turned them deftly. Even official inertia was made to yield. Biding their time, they established precedent if precedent were lacking. Ready to further others who had forestalled them in benevolent creation, they freely allowed the merging of their own in newer or larger. Sowing broadly at a venture, they reaped when and where they least expected. As George Eliot would put it in her best "big bow-wow" style, their influence proved "incalculably diffusive." And it is evident, in this volume as in its

predecessor, that Lord Meath's sense of humour stood him in good stead. Whatsoever humour may be in its essence, it is an excellent lubricator. It eases shock, and lightens the wear and tear of life. Which of us shall not scan these serious pages for the passages that amuse writer and reader? This aftermath of the *raconteur* varies, of course, in quality. Remembering how youth and age look at each other askance, one likes the young girl bidden to admire her grandmother's old and delightful friend. Had she not straightway fallen in love with the paragon? Yes, of course, she was very nice, but if she (the speaker) had read about her in a book, she would have skipped that chapter. Or there is that of the great scientist recalling to a manager of works how strangely the nature of electricity is unknown to us. "Yer don't know what electricity is?" puts in the Scotch engineer, overhearing. "I'll show yer. Yer press this button and pull this handle, and there you have it." Capt. Marryat would have been delighted with the page-long tale of the sailor's swim; and Mr. Pickwick would have condoled with Lord Meath upon the bedroom adventure of his. What could be neater than the reply of Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York and not rich, when the hotel-keeping profiteer speeds the parting guest with unctuous hope that his grace has benefited by the rest and change. "Well, the waiter's got the change, and you have got the rest." But these things should be read in their context. Now an octogenarian, and bereft of his high-souled wife, Lord Meath barely remits his discipline and duty, counting as a chief duty that of cheerfulness. "Land of our Birth, our Faith, our Pride." Mr. Kipling, writing the song, had unconsciously delineated the man to whom he sent it as suitable for use on "Empire Day." Or if, in his case, we desire to add the individual touch to this general portraiture of the 'Happy Warrior' youthful and old, there is the gate-keeper exclaiming, upon her master's being appointed Knight of St. Patrick, that she always knew he would be canonized; or the man who declared, "Meath is a good chap. He has no frills."

## MOST EXCELLENT JUDGE

*The English Novel of To-day.* By Gerald Gould. Castle. 7s. 6d. net.

THE readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW do not need to be assured that Mr. Gould has the measure of our novelists and can place them with justice and a kindly wit in their appropriate groups and grooves. This volume proves that what Mr. Gould says at the moment is so well phrased and pondered that it is treasure to be stored; his judgments may be, in relation to the time and place of their appearance, "vagrom men," but at his command they fall into line with regimental efficiency and unity because they are all parts of a whole; they are expressions of a common-sense critical philosophy founded on a clear conception of the writer's function and, as a result, this book of judgments passed over a number of years may be searched in vain for inconsistencies.

Mr. Gould has the critic's first virtue of being clear and coherent; he has also the Christian's first virtue of charity. One of the talents with which he has been endowed is the gift of epigram; he has a far greater aptitude for pouring out the truth in "nips" than many who are accepted as great aphorists. The man who owns such sharpness of speech must be constantly tempted to sneer and stab; if Mr. Gould wanted to write daggers he has the best steel at his disposal. But he obstinately refuses to make a *stiletto* of his style; he loves his fellow men or at least his fellow craftsmen so abundantly that he can even dismiss Mr. Michael Arlen with a caution and in his last chapter but one he is to be found walking amiably in the company of Mr. Hutchinson, Miss Dell, and Miss Hull, playing the part



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of gentle corrector where he might have been sharpening an insatiable blade. On other subjects Mr. Gould can write with a stinging severity, but any putter of pen to paper can stir his compassion; he must, of course, as a just critic, occasionally put a man down, but as surely as he puts him down does he extend a saving clause to help him up again. One imagines Mr. Gould, confronted with a book he strongly dislikes, "exploring avenues," like the industrial conciliators, in order to escape a blank negative.

His classification is as sound as artistic classifications can ever be. He makes clear paths through psychological, biographical, and sociological forests and by cutting away at the more pretentious branches lets in a constant stream of light. No one has written better about Mr. D. H. Lawrence and no one has written less about the Galsworthy-Bennett-Wells triangle. This abstention was most prudent; quite enough appraisal of the middle-aged masters has been done and Mr. Gould's task is to find successors of a like stature or, failing that, to explain the absence of giants. His explanations are satisfactory.

There is one kind of classification, however, which Mr. Gould refuses to consider; that is the territorial grouping. The one great weakness of the modern English novel is that it is not English. Either it trickles between Hampstead and Chelsea by way of Soho or else, under the tutelage of Messrs. Walpole and Arlen, it locks itself carefully up in the region postally known as "W.1." Townsman must have their back-gardens, and the Great Western Railway has, by its furious activities, made Cornwall an annexe to Sussex as the artist's holiday pasture and glued the label of "Home County" all over its cliffs. The trouble about our literature is that, while the London-Sussex-Cornwall area is extremely talkative, there is a desert of silence that begins just north of Oxford and Cambridge. All the more reason, therefore, why Mr. Gould should have acknowledged the voices that are speaking out of this void and speaking in all their loneliness for the greater part of our nation.

Mr. Gould has only a sentence for Mr. Allan Monkhouse, ignores Mr. Brighouse totally, and has not a line for Mr. Agate's 'Responsibility.' ('Blessed Are the Rich' was, of course, too late for him.) So much for Lancashire. He can write (very briefly) of Mr. E. C. Booth without mentioning the word Yorkshire and he pays no attention to Mr. Gilbert's astonishing concentration on the Fen Country. When he mentions Mr. Bennett it is not as a provincial (the first and finest phase) and one wonders whether it is a purist's reverence for the title "English novel" that has kept Mr. Neil Munro and Mr. George Douglas Brown out of his view. The topography of modern English fiction is a subject that needs considerably more attention than it gets and Mr. Gould is so acute as literary map-maker that one would like him to take it in hand.

As a guide to the customer at Mudies, Mr. Gould is lively and discreet. Nobody can be excused a shortage of drawing-room conversation in Hampstead with this register of literary achievement on which to draw. One can only wish that a tenth of drawing-room conversation could share the writer's blend of saltiness of speech with straightness of sight. Here, for instance, is Mr. Gould, on Hampstead itself: "It is a Bohemia purged of indiscretion and a Philistia with the chill off." Here he spars with the advanced sexual novel: "Speaking out has become almost as common as listening in." Here is the truth about Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses*: "A book almost exactly like the London Telephone Directory in size and weight and only slightly less monotonous in style." Some, indeed most, of the novels which Mr. Gould has read must have been as dull as may be, but his wit is beyond their dismal infection; bound on the Ixion's wheel of the constant critic he none the less persuades us that this instrument is a merry-go-round.

IVOR BROWN

## A SIP OF FAIRY WINE

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MR. DE LA MARE has a heart of fairy fancies and he distils from them a delicate spirit in this Christmas play for children, as they say, of all ages. 'Crossings' is not a new work, for it was originally published some years ago in a limited edition by the Beaumont Press. Nor will its contents be unfamiliar to admirers of Mr. de la Mare. The ingredients are, indeed, so quintessential of him that in reading it you may fancy that you have fallen asleep over some other of his books and are suffering—or shall we say, enjoying?—a de-la-nightmare. For characters there are the Aunt of Victorian Bayswater, "horrid" and forbidding in the transitive sense; the kind, stupid father (the sort of part that Mr. O. B. Clarence plays so well); the group of bosomy, motherly women of the cook and small shopkeeper class, who pour out inconsequent streams of kindness and play with familiar proverbs an absurd game of misfits; their no less kindly men-folk whose speech knows not the subtleties of punctuation; the vague, children-loving parson (another part for Mr. Clarence) with his train of sisters and "county" people; and, of course, the children, all as good as gold if not better, aged from seven to seventeen, and those eerie-queerie little people of Mr. de la Mare's imagination (though they are known by the old name of fairies), who are not far removed from the children and are linked with them by that most familiar figure of all, the strange dark "visitant" with his odd-shaped violin and his elusive way of disappearing, like the ghost in the story with "a melodious twang." The same old thing, you may cry, with the same old motif of the vanished child; but, we answer, with the same old glamour of loveliness which Mr. de la Mare's imagination sheds over it and transforms from common sentimental stuff into fine poetry. It is only by realizing what a worm is beneath the glow, that we can realize also the full charm and delicacy of his art. For, despite the author's hatred of Bayswater Victorianism, these children are dreadful little prigs under their cloak of poetry and are compounded of sugar and spice and all the other nice things which our grandparents regarded as the proper ingredients of childhood. There is not a breath of naughtiness or spite or ill-temper such as one may observe even in the most perfect specimens of young humanity, unless one happens to have the blind eye of parenthood. So these children, even Ann in her age of innocence, are a little unreal; yet being touched, not by the lunatic moon, but by the starlight and frost-gleams of faëry, they enchant us. The grown-ups, too, always excepting the horrid Aunt, are touched by the magic of the Little People. It is these Little People who are, strangely, the most real characters in the play. They are not the pretty children of the Christmas pantomime in miniature ballet-skirts and with silver stars in their marcelled hair. They are queer and a little sinister; they are the embodiment of the shiver that goes down your spine when you walk through a wood on a dark night and of the starts you have when the moon makes shadows leap up in your path. Yet, if you have the heart of a child, you see that they are not evil spirits for all their steeple-hats, sharp features and mimbling speech. Yet again experience tears the veil of enchantment and asks its common-sense question: Would an imaginative child of seven wander off into the woods on a snowy night (which is what Ann's abduction amounts to) without fear, and return unhurt in mind and body after, to be horribly concrete, two days' absence? For the poet must base his dreams upon truth, if they are to be more than mere fancies in a void. But having said that, let us drain this goblet of fairy-wine that Mr. de la Mare offers to us and gladly surrender to the fascination of his poetry. Poetry, in the other sense of rhymed verse, there is, too, in this play,

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much of it worthy of the author of 'Motley' and 'The Veil,' though none on the highest level of his Muse. And there is music to accompany the performance of the play by Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, who has become musician-in-ordinary to Mr. de la Mare—skilful music that makes the right background for the poet's fancy and never betrays his rhythms with false accents.

#### PESSIMISM

*Tantalus, or the Future of Man.* By F. C. S. Schiller. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.

IF any progressive is looking for trouble he will find it here. Dr. Schiller, a don of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, informs us that, biologically speaking, man ceased to be a progressive species thirty thousand years ago; in those good old days men "averaged six feet three inches in height, with one-sixth more brains than the modern European." We could spare the inches, but alas! that missing one-sixth of our brains. Unless one is very selfish, there is no comfort in reflecting that, if present tendencies continue, our descendants will have even smaller brains than ours. A biological decline is bad enough, but listen to this: "The painful truth is that civilization has not improved man's moral nature." And so, ethically, as well as biologically, we are in a backwater. As a matter of fact, some of us have been wondering whether the self-styled progressives might not be progressing in the wrong direction; we shall now hold more strongly than ever that the Conservative is not a check upon progress but upon deterioration. We really believe that universal suffrage, with its appendages of vote-catching and propaganda, would never have been foisted upon us by the so-called progressives if the race had not lost more than sixteen per cent. of its brains. Then, again, there is all this agitation about the reform of the universities and higher education for all. We draw our own inferences when Dr. Schiller blames our arrested development, in part at least, upon the professors (about whom we have always had our suspicions), and quotes William James as exclaiming, "The natural enemy of any subject is the professor thereof!"

Like the authors of 'Dædalus' and 'Icarus' in the same series, he finds a chief cause of our degeneration in the fertility of the lower classes and the sterility of the upper classes. The reward of ability is promotion to the top, but the result of promotion is sterility, so that society is dying off at the top and proliferating at the bottom. Natural selection has a kink in it, so that it sends men up, only to wipe out their value for breeding purposes. This malady of civilization, we are informed, is intensified by the medical skill which nowadays saves the lives of weaklings, both mothers and children, and so encourages them to propagate their undesirable species. Here, then, we infer that the people at fault are the professors of medicine and surgery. But there seems to be a case against the professors of Christian ethics also, for Dr. Schiller observes that "the bastardizing, which used formerly to provide for a considerable infusion of the blood of the upper classes into the lower, has now practically ceased. Since the merry days of King Charles II, very few noble families of Royal descent have been added to the peerage." And yet, when one attempts to think these two sentences together, a little obscurity arises, for if the children thus born were added to the peerage, how can they be counted an addition to the lower classes?

Dr. Schiller is astonished at the amount of scientific support for the paradoxes of Christian ethics; for instance, the rabbit survives better than the tiger, and so the weak inherit the earth. But the "palæolithic Yahoo" (otherwise, modern humanity) has "been dosed with Christian ethics for two thousand years, and they have never either impressed or improved

him." So Christian ethics are abandoned as too good for the "palæolithic Yahoo," and recourse is had to eugenics, psychology and, of course, pragmatism. It sounds easy enough until we learn that "To make it effective, it would have to be backed by a powerful, enthusiastic and intelligent public sentiment." Well, well; but how is that to be achieved, when the intelligent are dying off, and the semi-imbeciles are proliferating so rapidly? A powerful organ of public opinion has been trying for years to persuade its millions of readers to abandon white bread in favour of brown, yet the vast majority remain unconverted; repeatedly in the London tea-shops we have been informed that there is no demand for brown bread. And so, when we hear that the healing effects of eugenics, psychology and pragmatism depend upon a "powerful, enthusiastic and intelligent public sentiment," darkness descends upon our trembling enlightenment. The future indeed looks hopeless; but only if the premises of the argument as well as the conclusion are well founded. What, for instance, of "The painful truth is that civilization has not improved man's moral nature?" Stop a moment and inquire what is meant by "civilization"—improved mechanics, or the abolition of the slave traffic? The one may not be of moral value, but the other is. Or we might turn one of the author's statements against another. He says that "normally the Yahoo is kept under control by the constant pressure of a variety of social institutions." That being so, and great stress being laid upon the influence of heredity, one might conclude that the Yahoo, as well as the use of our toes, is gradually becoming atrophied.

By all means, make the acquaintance of 'Tantalus,' but the way to take him without tears is to pause and inquire after each shock, "Is this a fact or a theory? And if a theory, how many facts can I think of which contradict it?" The reviewer believes that he could have thought of enough facts to present a case against each of the theories, but he is not optimistic enough to believe that he could have rendered Dr. Schiller speechless in reply, nor will he deny that he found great value in the book as supplying a generous fund of subjects for talky-talk.

W. FORCE STEAD

#### CRITICISM AND TECHNIQUE

*The Science and Practice of Oil Painting.* By Harold Speed. Chapman and Hall. 21s. net.

FROM some book, in the young years of being read to, comes the memory of a persistent child who "wanted to see wheels go round." It is an aspiration of humanity. We all want to see the wheels go round, whether they be of a watch or of social systems: we stand patiently by the plumber to see how plumbing is done; we pluck off the petals to see how the flower is made; we sit, alone and motionless through the night, peering at the stars to see how worlds go round. And somehow, quite illogically, this knowledge helps us to appreciate the beauty of things, although the desire for knowledge will only come, perhaps, from an initial appreciation. Wheels within wheels, going round.

Burne-Jones, Mr. Speed thinks it was, said that the greatest compliment people could pay a picture was to say "Oh!" when they saw it. That is true, because "Oh!" is the sum total of criticism: there are, however, many ways of saying "Oh!" But when it has been said, the next remark is, "How was it done?" And we stand back and talk of rhythms and tone values and colour music, or nuzzle up against the canvas and talk of glazes and hatching and terra vert. Now, although that has nothing to do with art itself, as Mr. Speed repeatedly and bravely confesses, it is all to do with its mode of expression; it shows us how the wheels go round, although it does not explain what Time is. And the more we are looking for these modes of expression the more we are looking at the picture, becoming intimate with it, "getting it," in fact. That is,

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of course, unless we are dealers or experts; they, poor dears, are so busy computing the exact financial value of a certain way of making wheels go round that they have forgotten how to tell the time.

All this being granted, Mr. Speed's book should appeal almost as much to the sincere picture lover as to the student painter. By its lucid, witty and economical exposition of the craft of oil painting, it will not only help the practitioner but sharpen any man's perceptions. Driving him, out of a holy reverence for clever workmanship, to seek this quality in Vermeer or that in Rembrandt, it drives him once again to fuse into his own poor vision a little more of the splendid vision of Vermeer and Rembrandt. As our ancestors would have said, Mr. Speed combines entertainment with instruction. Passages of pure technical advice are interspersed with the technical examination of great masters and general reflections on the functions of tone, colour and form. It is a question whether this, for which Mr. Speed makes no ambitious claims, is not more valuable criticism than the floundering attempts of professional critics to expose the "soul" of a picture.

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#### A FAMOUS MEDIUM

*Experiences in Spiritualism with D. D. Home.* By The Earl of Dunraven. The Society for Psychical Research. 7s. 6d. net.

SAMUEL BUTLER once wrote to A. R. Wallace, "If ever a spirit-form takes to coming near me, I shall not be content with trying to grasp it, but in the interest of science *I will shoot it.*" When a friend remonstrated, Butler wrote and apologized; but his spontaneous outburst is interesting and typical. A good many feel that way toward the phenomena of spiritualism; and yet, if such phenomena are genuine, they are a part of nature, in the larger sense, and the man who merely turns his back and walks away is no better than an obscurantist.

To those who share the sentiments of Samuel Butler this volume will make uncomfortable reading; the desire to shoot will be present from beginning to end. For this book is an important and disconcerting document, containing the best record of the extraordinary powers of D. D. Home. It is largely composed of letters written by the present Earl of Dunraven (then Lord Adare) to his father, giving a contemporary account of séances and other phenomena observed while Home's powers were at their height. When others were present the reports were submitted to them for corroboration, and the names of fifty such witnesses are attached.

Home never took money for his séances, and was never convicted of fraud; sometimes those who attended only one or two sittings went away disgusted, Robert Browning among the number; but Sir W. F. Barrett writes that after investigation he found "plenty of rumours of trickery but no conviction of fraud" ("On the Threshold of the Unseen," p. 57), and Sir William Crookes writes, "To those who knew him, Home was one of the most lovable of men, and his perfect genuineness and uprightness were beyond suspicion." Home and his friends courted the fullest examination, but with a few exceptions the men of science refused even to investigate; Huxley admitted that he could not "get up any interest in the subject." Moreover, the

scientists knew they would only be damned for their trouble. The result is that later writers have been able to find fault with the evidence. A searching and sceptical examination of the records can be read in Podmore's 'The Newer Spiritualism.' Podmore generally bases his scepticism on the lack of scientific precautions against fraud, and with this as a lever he undermines a good many things, but admits himself baffled by the strength of the evidence for the fire-test. When it comes to the three-fold record of Home's achievement in floating out of one window and into the next, Podmore can only explain it away by charging Home with slipping into the room under cover of darkness, getting behind the curtains and then stepping out apparently from the window. In addition, he has to misread Lord Adare's quite unambiguous statement, and also to pass over without comment the sequel when Home went out of the window again, "head first, nearly horizontal and apparently rigid."

But this, after all, is only one instance in the strong array of testimony to Home's miraculous powers, and these in turn are only a part of the inexplicable events which rest on good evidence. In the end we shall find that if we can only accept this evidence by doing violence to our notions, we can nevertheless only reject it *in toto* by doing violence to our judgment.

#### LITERARY PERSONALITY

*Figures in Modern Literature.* By J. B. Priestley. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. PRIESTLEY has such an air of persuasion, of conviction and reasonableness, in writing of his contemporaries, that the reader is immediately at ease; he feels that he is in the company of a guide who is kindly and acute, learned and not capricious. In these nine studies, eight of which are of living writers, Mr. Priestley has seized upon some aspect of the man discussed, and illuminated his judgments by the aptest references to that feature. That he seldom says all he seems to want to say, and is obviously quite competent to say, may be counted to him for generosity; he at any rate never fails to interest you vividly in his analysis, for he has a fine fluent style in which the wit is woven to its purpose and not worn as a sunflower in a lamentable buttonhole.

One of the best essays is that on Arnold Bennett, whose three-fold fertility is at once an annoyance, a confusion, and a triumph. This apparent inconsistency may be due to our habit of judging an artist upon the whole of his achievement, an indiscretion from which many critical fallacies are born. To ask: Do you admire Arnold Bennett? is as absurd as to ask: Do you admire Julius Caesar and Jesus and Henry James? We need not take our Bennett whole any more than we do our thirty-nine articles. Rather one should ask: Do you admire 'Clayhanger,' or 'Anna of the Five Towns'? and the reply will determine for you whether the answerer is a gentleman of competence or an imitative Hottentot who has observed the habits of the ostrich. Mr. Priestley is emphatic and vigorous about the Pocket-Philosophy Bennett and the Grand Babylon Bennett; he gives them—as you might say—beans, but he soothes even an idolater's rage by this recognition: "Mr. Bennett may have boiled the pot, but he has at least boiled it properly, and not taken money for leaving it lukewarm." When, however, he says Mr. Bennett "comes to a metropolitan hotel as Child Harold came to the Dark Tower," he rather fumbles the catch from Byron off Browning's bowling.

Very striking is the suggestion made about De la Mare's stories. "This world of Mr. De la Mare's is as it were the other half of Dickens's world, the poetical mysterious aristocratic half that Dickens with his eyes fixed on the democratic humorous melodramatic elements, never gave us." The suggestion will not stand much analysis, but still it remains; it is stimulating, it throws a light—even if it is only a will-o'-the-wisp.



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Mr. Phillip has adopted a different method. He has, we suspect, a very clear idea of what constitutes that mythical entity, "the average boy": and, keeping it well in mind, he has set about gathering together all the poems likely to appeal to such a monster. Pranks and vulgarity, plenty of noise, and (we regret to say) a little priggishness: such are the ingredients of this average boy. Else why should we have included here, on the very first pages, those amazing jingles of "Bill" Adams? And why is the tone of the war poems set by Macaulay's ranting 'Armada'? And isn't it about time that boys were invited to tear

tatters the shoddy philosophy of 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'? And what do they care about the Soul and all its tremulous questionings? And what link have they with James Beattie, simpering across the years with such artificialities as

Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings?

Indeed, we have the whole fallacy of the matter in Mr. Phillip's inclusion of Pope's 'The Quiet Life.' The poem contains the very antithesis of 'A Boy's Philosophy'—if ever boys trouble their heads about such a flimsy thing as a philosophy. That it happened to be written when Pope was twelve years old is no indication of its appropriateness: not many boys, thank goodness, have the precocity of a Pope. Yet 'A Boy's Philosophy' Mr. Phillip calls it. In some way or another boys insist that poetry, if it is to be for them a real adventure and a joy, must circle about action, for action is the mainspring of all their days. That needn't, of course, preclude every meditative sentiment; but such sentiments should be discreetly hidden, seeds that will find the light in their own good time. Naturally in a book that runs over three hundred pages, there are several good things—poems like 'Sir Patrick Spens' and 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' Cunningham's 'Sea Song' and 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' Wilfred Scawen Blunt's 'The Old Squire,' and some of Shakespeare's Songs; these, if a boy finds them, he will take at once to his heart and then, made suddenly aware of the joy of such an adventure, he will wonder at the argosies they offer. Unless, of course, he finds "Bill" Adams more permanently to his liking. Mr. Phillip has certainly given him that chance.

### A SCOTS ANTHOLOGY

*The Northern Muse.* An Anthology of Scots Vernacular Poetry. Arranged by John Buchan. Nelson. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is a book worth having and worth sending to a friend if he or she is a writer of verse. It is for one thing a very good anthology, and for another it covers a field which we have been neglecting. Burns, of course, is liberally represented and few of the greater poets are more neglected in England to-day. There are other old favourites (or once favourites) whom one is glad to encounter again, and a generous supply of recent writers with whom one is glad to become acquainted. Scots verse is above all lyrical, and its impulse may help us to recapture some of the lost art of singing. On the human side it has warmth of both humour and pathos, and in technique, a delicate use of vowel sounds which are rare in English.

The auld man's mear's dead;  
The puir body's mear's dead;  
The auld man's mear's dead  
A mile aboon Dundee.

If one's ear is sensitive to sound, it is hard to over-estimate the value of "puir" and "aboon." But turn these words into English, and the verse becomes doggerel. And then Scots has some of the advantages and few of the disadvantages of a foreign language; it has the strangeness of the far away and is untranslatable yet understandable.

Mr. Buchan gives us an interesting introduction, in which he describes the Scots dialect as being, after the Reformation, largely a literary language, and quotes the late Professor Ker as declaring with gusto, "Dunbar is my poet." The book gains much from its arrangement, not in chronological order, but under such headings as 'Friendly Beasts,' 'Characters,' 'The Hearth,' 'The Human Comedy,' etc. Instead of a glossary at the end, which is always troublesome, dialect words are given at the foot of the page, and the whole is completed by notes stating the sources, which are especially useful when the poems are unfamiliar or by modern authors. The book has the final grace of good paper, type, and binding.

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## The Magazines

The *Fortnightly* for October gives the place of honour to Dr. Dillon's 'Is the League of Nations in Sight?' He has no belief in the Dawes plan and thinks it likely to bring England and France into serious trouble, but he hopes that the League has at last made a serious start. Mr. Spender gives a full account of 'The Prime Minister at Geneva.' Miss Godden in 'Mussolini and Machiavelli' explains the doctrines of 'The Prince' as she understands them with some appreciation of the author's greatness. The interview this month between Mr. Shaw and Dr. Henderson turns mostly on American books, actors, and their reactions on England. We can almost envy Mr. Shaw's ignorance of most of the popular American authors. Mr. Alec Waugh sees visions of the future of the films—they are at present only an entertainment; he hopes to see the perfect scenario. Mr. Sutton reviews 'The Plays of Allan Monkhouse.' Miss Sitwell has spent an autumn evening in reading Cowper and has been moved thereby to verse which would have astonished him not a little.

The *National Review* deals with Germany, the Presidential Election in America (with forecasts), the Motor, Ireland, and the Coalition Campaign. A very sound article on 'Stanley Baldwin' is signed "Westminster." The Vice-Provost gives us a charming description of 'Venice Revisited'; he is faithful to the old Guide of Grant Allen, which is full of good things, but we should have liked some walks in the footsteps of Max. Mr. Stephens recalls some good sport in 'Hunting the Elk,' and General MacMunn tells again the story of the first day of the Mutiny at Delhi. 'The Irish Menace in Scotland' shows how the native population is being replaced by Irish in the South-West of Scotland, especially in Glasgow, and there are good papers on the unchanging nature of the Magyars, who have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing—like the Bourbons, and on Socialism, Protection in Australia, and Deflation.

*Blackwood* gives us this month some further information about Surtees and his novels, from which we learn that the immortal Mr. Jorrocks would have been struck out of 'Handley Cross' if the publisher had had his way. In 'Vignettes of Languedoc' we get another series of impressions by our old friends Jan and Cora Gordon, who are just now tramping in Lapland. The fiction and sporting papers are as usual good, and 'Musings without Method' deal with the taste of the people in reading, the literary judgment of a bishop, the Sunday papers, and the Tories of 1911.

The *Adelphi* very justly gives prominence to two articles, one by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson in memory of H. W. Massingham, the other by Maxim Gorky 'In Defence of Countess Tolstoy.' Both are excellent. Mr. Tomlinson's writing has long been a joy to those who know what good writing is, and when he is fired with loyalty and admiration, as here, he surpasses himself. Gorky, who seems to grow more humane with every year that passes, puts the case for Countess Tolstoy against the insinuations of the crowd of parasites like Tchertkoff, who surrounded the great man and flattered his impulses. The paper is good as a character study and as a piece of literary criticism. Mr. Murry is struggling with the difficulties of 'The Unknown Country'; on the whole we would have preferred the essay on Keats. There is some verse by Herman Melville and others.

*Cornhill* gives the first place to some letters from Gladstone to an Oxford friend, Owen Blayney Cole, written when he was a young man in Parliament. Are any such letters being written now? The gleanings from Dora Wordsworth's Album are brought to an end; they have been most interesting. Sir R. Baden-Powell describes the making of Kumassi and its king Prempeh. There are three good short stories, and a paper on 'Dr. Johnson and the Temple.'

The *London Mercury* devotes its editorial notes to Livy and to Stonehenge. We are in entire accord with its laments over the destruction of its solitude. Just when we are beginning to know something of its history, the virtue has gone out of it. A sonnet sequence by Lord Alfred Douglas, written in prison, has all the beauty we expect from him. There are two good short tales. Papers by Messrs. Strachey, Priestley, W. C. Revers, and A. E. Case. The *Chronicles* are good, Mr. Powys on Architecture, Mr. Priestley on Fiction, Sir Chartres Biron on Biography, and Mr. Rendall on the Classics being the more notable of a fine bunch. The portrait is of Dame Ethyl Smyth.

The *Geographical Journal* contains besides the first part of a journey 'Through Kufra to Darfur,' accounts of Major Bailey's visit to Bhutan and Southern Tibet, and 'Simon Van der Stel's Expedition to Namaqualand in 1685.' Classical scholars will be interested in A. F. von Stahl's 'Notes on the March of Alexander the Great from Ectbana to Hyrcania,' which throws new light on Arrian, Diodorus, Siculus, and Curtius.

The *Empire Review* contains a study of Bacon as a lawyer by Lord Birkenhead, good and not too technical; a second paper on 'Communication with Another World,' by Dame Lyttelton; an eminently interesting paper on 'Rugby Football Prospects,' by Mr. D. R. Gent; and a criticism of Mr. George Moore's ideas on 'Pure Poetry,' by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. This is a very strong team, and the number is exceptionally good.

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That 'Blessed Are the Rich' is no novel is patent. Mr. Agate himself obviously feels it, for he has written a preface—a model preface for brevity—to mitigate the censure:

They tell me that the picaresque novel is out of fashion.  
This is a picaresque novel.  
I feel that way.

But you do not turn a fish into a fowl by calling it a picaresque fowl. A picaresque novel is no more exempt than any other from the necessity of unity. It need not have—indeed, it cannot have—unity of place or time: but it must have unity of note. It can dispense with formality, but not with form. It can make its own plot, but it cannot afford to set two *kinds* of plot quarrelling within the covers of one book. And this sin Mr. Agate has committed, though he has committed it so nobly, so frankly, and with so many extenuating and redeeming charms, that no doubt it will be forgiven him. Part, the better part, of his story is of a moving realism. The chemist's shop in Manchester; Oliver's parting from his mother's furniture; the adventure with the prostitute; the baffled engagement with Rosie; the episode in France, where discretion proved the better part of desire; the purlouings from the till in Paddington—all these are what used to be called "slices of life": slices well cut, done to a turn, opulent with good red gravy. But they have nothing and less than nothing to do with the blackmailing and the cinema star and the motor accident—with the coincidences which I will but touch upon, since Mr. Agate and not I must answer for them at the Day of Judgment—or with that final chapter in which the hero is suddenly found eating the foods and drinking the wines, the mere mention of which he had in his poorer days considered "snobbish." Nay, there is a third element at strife with the two others; for there is a long chapter, a chapter we are particularly exhorted not to skip, which contains little but what one presumes to be Mr. Agate's own views on things social and general, though it is labelled as a letter from Oliver. I am not sure there is not even a fourth—for out of what hat comes this unrelated rabbit of riot and shooting near the end? It swears horribly with the following chapter of fairy-tale luxury—and with no language but a swear. Still, when all is said, there was no need for Mr. Agate to ask us not to skip a chapter: there is no danger that anyone, once having started the book, will want to skip anything at all. It is kept alive through all its incongruities by its author's high spirits and brilliant style. That Mr. Agate can write, no reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW needs to be told. His style is highly-coloured and indirect: it works by allusion rather than by precision. But so did Carlyle's, and Meredith's: even those who prefer the other tradition, the austerity of Dryden and Defoe, of Swift and Addison, of Jane Austen and Thackeray, cannot question the author's right to use the method that expresses himself. Sometimes Mr. Agate is so literary,



so—dare I say?—high-brow, that it is a little difficult for less quick and cultured minds to follow him:

And then the oratorios! On these occasions the orchestra would be huddled together 'at the very edge of the platform. At the base of this cliff the distributors of samphire, agents for Crosse & Blackwell, cogitated still their dreadful trade.

We all know that *gathering* samphire is a dreadful trade, and we know why. But what is there dreadful about *distributing* it?

Mr. Agate has the gift of narrative and the essayist's power of self-revelation: it would be idle to pretend that he has successfully combined the two. Nor will he ever simulate, to say nothing of attaining, the detachment of the creator, until he can cure himself of generalizing—especially about Jews and women. But his book makes excellent reading.

Generalization is the bane of 'The Little French Girl' too. It is rarely explicit: Miss Sedgwick is as restrained in her method as Mr. Agate is expansive. When she *does* make it explicit, it reveals itself for what it is:

One could not pretend to understand the French unless one recognized in such situations the workings of a drama to them commonplace. . . . They all accepted love as a devastating natural force, over-riding, where no barriers of creed were there to withstand it, the scruples and inhibitions of taste and principle.

When did anyone, English or Hottentot, accept love as anything else? As what else *could* it be accepted? And what talk is this of "understanding the French"?—as if the French were not various individuals, like ourselves. It is impossible to draw up an explanation of a nation. But Miss Sedgwick, for the most part, lets her thesis appear in her plot: the result is an essay, not a novel. All the people behave, not as people do behave, but as they would behave if their function were to illustrate national and social characteristics. The little French girl herself is a devastating prig, but is loved at sight by everybody. Prigs as a rule are not loved at sight: they are detested: but detestation would not fit the theory. She tells an English mother, her hostess, after a few months' acquaintance, that that mother's eldest son, killed in the war, was shallow: the mother appears to think this both clever and kind of her. But people do not do such things. No doubt in saying this I am myself guilty of generalization: but a negative generalization is perhaps more excusable than an affirmative: and anyway, though I can quote only one or two instances, I am not judging by one or two: never at any point does any single one of the characters strike me as approaching naturalness or even possibility. That the book is well worth reading, that it contains a thousand touches of subtlety and wisdom, that it is exquisitely written, goes without saying: it is by Miss Sedgwick. But the breath of creation has not been breathed into it; it is not a novel, but a study of disembodied ideas.

Consider Mr. Walpole by contrast. 'The Old Ladies' is very far indeed from being his best work. It is not a wholly successful novel, but a novel it is, in its weakness as well as in its strength. Its faults are the faults of a novel. Mr. Walpole has seen his characters, realized them, written about them for their own sake. Of plot he gives us very little, and what there is suffers from thinness and conventionality. But one will not easily forget Mrs. Amorest, the brave gentlewoman, nor Mrs. Payne, the brooding gipsy, nor Miss Beringer the unwanted, nor the fear and anguish that enwrap them in their rooms in Polchester. Mr. Walpole not only creates characters, he creates the very atmosphere of the house they live in. One could almost forgive him the familiar episodes of the disappointment over a will and the return of the prodigal son to the anxious mother.

The *World To-day* continues to be one of the best illustrated and brightest of our lighter monthlies. This month it has an article on Ulster from the Free State point of view, by Senator Gogarty; one on the League of Nations, by Colonel House; some entrancing portraits from the Zoo; and a number of varied papers on subjects ranging from birth control to the Motor Show.

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## Round the Library Table

### ADVERSARIA

THE chief event of the week from a librarian's point of view has been the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the John Rylands Library in Manchester. Dr. Guppy, its librarian, has drawn up a very complete and well-illustrated history of the Library (Longmans, 2s. 6d.) and a Catalogue of some Medieval Manuscripts on exhibition there (Longmans, 1s.), from which some idea of its wealth in rare books and manuscripts can be formed. It is based, as regards printed books, on the Althorp library, 40,000 out of the 300,000 books now on its shelves, and as regards manuscripts on the magnificent collection of the late Lord Crawford. The Althorp books cost a quarter of a million sterling, and though the price paid for the manuscripts has never been revealed, it must have been near that sum. I remember being told at the time that Mrs. Rylands refused to pay for it by cheque, and that Quaritch, through whom the purchase was made, had an anxious time of it on his journey from London to Wigan with such an enormous sum in cash in his handbag. Perhaps Mrs. Rylands felt like the Duke of Wellington who paid for his portrait in cash—"Do you think I am going to let my bankers know I am such a fool?"

\* \* \*

At any rate, the John Rylands Library is now the fourth great library in the empire, and it is unlikely that any other will arise to challenge its pride of place. Except the Morgan library, no other modern collection approaches it in splendour, the Yates Thompson collection being too limited in size to compete. Moreover, the Manchester library is specially equipped for students, and is widening out its scope. One feature I specially commend; it is making an appeal for all old deeds of property, which have become useless by recent legislation, to be lodged with it as historical material. Old-established solicitors have boxes full of such deeds, which are often destroyed or sold as rubbish, but which are of the greatest interest to County Archaeological Societies. I once bought two Tate's sugar boxes full of such deeds for a few shillings; they are now being distributed to local museums and libraries, where they will be cared for; and I should be happy to put anyone who has such deeds in communication with appropriate resting places for them.

\* \* \*

Not the least important of the services of the John Rylands Library to learning is the publication of its *Bulletin* (Longmans, 2s. 6d.), which I always look forward to as containing one or more little monographs by eminent scholars, embodying the results of recent investigations. The last number, for example, contained such diverse matters as a study of John Lyly by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, observations on the Latin text of the *Codex Bezae*, and a translation of some Sumerian tablets, to name only a few among many. By the way, Lord Balcarres (as one must persist in calling him) has just presented to the library the part of his own unrivalled collection of broadsides dealing with French and Flemish history. He has still a very large number of Papal broadsides besides his unequalled collection of English proclamations of the Tudor and Stuart periods.

\* \* \*

I have had for some time before me a translation by Professor Cummings of Princeton University, in verse, of *Il Filostrato* (Milford, 9s. net), the story of Troilus and Cressida by Boccaccio, on which Chaucer founded his *Troilus and Criseyde*, taking one-third of it directly. As Boccaccio's verse is little read, Prof. Cummings has rendered a service to English literature, and the book is so well printed as to be an ornament to any library. Chaucer, while translating, has altered

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### LIBRARY TABLE (continued)

the balance of his characters, more especially in the case of Pandarus, who from being the cousin of Cressida, is made into her uncle, and is almost a new creation. Prof. Cummings's verse flows easily and his translation is close to the original, so that students of Chaucer are now in a position to compare their author with his source. *Troilus and Criseyde* has always interested me, though it has been little worked on, and one of the early printed texts has been an especial puzzle, that of Wynkyn de Worde (1517), in which a contemporary has added some stanzas which reveal the state of English poetry at the time. I must quote some lines which were meant to pass as Chaucer's:

But than felde this Troylus the stroke of deed  
That he was as wode for aye his drede  
Was this that some wyght hadde Creseyde wode  
He thought she wolde never on hym take hede  
What than for sorowe he felte his herte blede  
Ne worde of his wo he durste not begynne  
Ne for to tell her therof this worlde for to wynde.

\* \* \*

I have been enjoying one of the latest of the *Broadway Translations*, a new edition of *Count Lucanor, The Fifty Pleasant Tales of Patronio*, translated by Dr. James York in 1868. (Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.) It is one of those Spanish collections of tales and anecdotes which have had so much influence on European literature, and this one in particular is full of fine worldly wisdom and shrewd humour. I like in particular the story of Don Illan the magician and the Dean of Santiago. The Dean asked him to procure him preferment and made great promises, so Don Illan put off his supper to work his spells. Accordingly he becomes bishop, archbishop, cardinal, and at last pope—at each promotion finding excuses for not repaying the magician, till at last he threatens to have Don Illan burnt, who thereon replied that in that case he might as well have his supper, and the Dean found himself again in his former poverty. There is an excellent introduction to the book, and I can heartily recommend it.

\* \* \*

Returning for a moment to the subject of the Franciscans, I am often asked why "Grey Friars," when they wear brown. The change was made in the fifteenth century or thereabouts—I am writing without reference books—and spread from one of the minor divisions of the Order to almost all of them. The Observants at the great Convent of Assisi wore black when I was there. Most of those we commonly see are Capucins. In the old days the colour was ashen-grey. By-the-way, it is quite unfounded to say that the early Grey Friars always settled in the lowest and worst parts of the city or outside its walls. They usually were given quite good sites, though sometimes these were exchanged later when they proved too small.

\* \* \*

A little book on the *Problems of Life* (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net), by one of the rulers of modern Communist Russia, L. Trotsky, has just been translated into English. I am not disposed to take him very seriously, but it would seem from what he has to say that he is aware that the millennial age has not yet been reached. Perhaps the reading of this book may do something for his English "comrades." One chapter is headed 'Civility and Politeness as a Necessary Lubricant in Daily Relationships.' It might be usefully studied by street-corner Communists. Another is headed 'Struggle for Cultured Speech'—which, by the way, is the shibboleth of the banned *intelligentsia*, while 'Against Bureaucracy, Progressive and Unprogressive,' might almost appear as a heading to one of our own columns. It is a strange world, my masters!

LIBRARIAN

## City Notes

Lombard Street, Thursday.

I care not a fig for the cares of business,  
Politics fill me with doubt and dizziness.

THESE lines of Robert Buchanan are uppermost in my mind as I start to write these Notes this week. The signs of home political uncertainty are showing themselves in markets, the volume of business is decreasing, and although prices remain firm there is a complete absence of that resilience that Stock markets had been expected to display after the Dawes Report had been accepted.

The date of the issue of the German Loan approaches, and although as I write the terms are not released for publication, I have every reason for believing that while the money will be raised on rather more advantageous terms to the borrower than was generally anticipated, the loan will prove attractive. There may be many who will hold aloof on sentimental grounds, but for those whose choice of investments are based on purely business principles the significance of the statement issued by Mr. J. P. Morgan that "We have satisfied ourselves as to the underlying security of the bonds" will not be overlooked.

## LAUTARO

Exactly two months ago I suggested in these Notes that the Nitrate market would become active when the holiday season had passed. I selected Lautaro £5 Ordinary shares as a good purchase; they were then 7½, they are now 7½. I still recommend them. This company, whose financial year ends on December 31, has already declared three interim dividends of 5 per cent. each for the current year; even if no final dividend is declared, at £8 a share this is equivalent to a yield of over 9 per cent.; if a final dividend of 5 per cent. is declared, then the yield at this price will be 12½ per cent. In any case I look for four dividends of 5 per cent. each for 1925, and expect the shares to be nearer £10 than £8 in the next 12 months.

## NITRATES

I consider the Nitrate market worthy of very serious attention. It suffers from being narrow, but the Tea share market has shown that this is no bar to popularity when good results are achieved. I do not look for a sensational boom, but I do expect good dividends and capital appreciation. I base my optimism on the following facts: Eighteen months ago the Nitrate Association—which controls the industry by allotting to each company a quota of the annual sales in proportion to its producing capacity—found itself faced with an enormous accumulation of stocks both here and in Chile, as a result of the decline in demand all over the world, due in part to post-war conditions, and in part to the difficulty of financing in view of the depreciated European currencies; moreover, Germany, formerly one of

the largest consumers, had been out of the market since 1913. Not only, however, were these stocks wholly liquidated in 1923, but the demand has everywhere steadily increased, and has been further stimulated by the re-entrance of Germany (who in 1913 took over 800,000 tons) into the market as a buyer. An additional factor in the position has been the failure of synthetic nitrate to give the anticipated results, it having been found that its continual use as a fertilizer renders the ground sour. The present position may be judged from the following figures; for the Association's financial year (July 1 to June 30) 1924-5 it was estimated that a total of 2,300,000 tons would be sold. Up to the end of September, 1,719,000 tons had already been disposed of, and it appears probable that by June, 1925, the total estimate will be exceeded by 200,000 tons. The following is a list of Nitrate shares, in addition to Lautaro, which should prove a profitable purchase:

	Shares.	Dividends 1923.	Present Price.
	s.	s. d.	s.
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Anglo-Chili ...	20	3 0 free	66
Santa Rita ...	20	3 0	38
San Sebastian ...	20	1 0	11
Tarapaca and Tocopilla ...	10	1 3	16

## GERMAN BONDS

The report of the Sub-Committee of the Reichstag dealing with the question of the re-assessment of German Bonds issued before the mark became waste-paper was of so definite a nature that at first sight it appeared possible that these bonds would revert to their "mark" value, but "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and although the Committee above referred to have officially stated "that any re-assessment at the present moment and even the granting of any interim payment is out of the question," the bonds are still being used as speculative counters. The following table shows how prices have fluctuated:

	June 30.	Sept. 4.	Sept. 26.	Oct. 7.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
German 3% ...	20 6	47 3	26	30 6
German 3½% ...	9 6	43 0	18	20 6
Prussian 3½% ...	9 3	49 6	22	26 0

The buying is now being based on the possibility that the present decision may be reversed by some future German Government, a contingency that might arise if the Nationalists secured a larger representation in any future General Election.

## UNION COLD STORAGE

I always study the reports of company meetings, a proceeding I recommend to my readers. There is a tendency on the part of the investor to limit his interest to those companies in which he is a shareholder. I suggest that this is a mistake, as much useful information can be obtained by reading reports of all

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### CITY NOTES (continued)

company meetings. In last week's issue of this paper a few extracts were given from the chairman's speech at the 27th annual meeting of the Union Cold Storage Company, Ltd. The chairman's optimistic forecast for the year to end December 31, 1924, confirms my views on the prospects of this company. The 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference at the present price of 22s. 9d. are in their class worthy of notice.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

LEX.—(1) I see no reason to pick the shares you name. Why not buy a few Imperial Tobacco Ordinary? (2) I had meant to deal with the point you raise this week, but through lack of space must hold it over till next week.

DON.—There are two dollar issues of P.L.M. Bonds, one 7 per cent., one 6 per cent. The sterling issue is 6 per cent.

SWITCH.—The Budapest issue of the Hungarian Loan is a 7½ per cent. dollar issue and can be bought at 86 per cent. flat. The American issue is 88 per cent., plus accrued.

N. R.—The buying of Peru Pref. is based on dividend anticipation.

RHODESIA.—I am glad you took my advice and bought Cam. and Motor at 2½; they are now 2¾. I hear they should go better.

ANXIOUS.—If your broker cannot buy Kroatische Escompte Bank shares try your bank.

TAURUS

## Motoring

### THE MOTOR SHOW

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

FOR the convenience of overseas visitors and with the hope of eliminating merely season trade the Society of Motor Manufacturers has advanced the date of the annual motor exhibition by one month. For ten days from October 16, Olympia will be the central market of the motor world, under the patronage of the King and the Royal Automobile Club. Judging by the crowd at the various private views at the manufacturers' the attendance during this period should be equal to, if not greater than, that of the past. The popularity of the self-propelled carriage has so increased the number of possible purchasers that the makers have endeavoured to meet the situation by providing vehicles ranging from the modest two seater to the majestic saloon, which can carry seven persons.

\* \* \*

There will be 125 different makes of cars exhibited at Olympia, of which fifty-four are imported into this country. These include twenty-nine French manufacturers, fourteen from the United States of America, six Italian makes, three Belgian and two from Canada. At the recent Paris motor show only five British cars were represented, so that France is better served with opportunities to sell her products in England than the British manufacturer was in France. This is mainly due to the high import duty charged by that country. France, however, has done so much to promote the cause of motoring in former days that no doubt the British manufacturer regards her presence as a compliment, though it may press him somewhat hardly at times as a rival in trade. It was, as a matter of fact, France that first introduced the two novelties of this current exhibition, namely, front-wheel brakes and large section low pressure inflated tyres. This year, all the small cars at Olympia carry this type of wheel cover, while both large and small cars are staged with brakes on all four wheels. Both of these innovations are due to the increased speed at which motor carriages now travel on the road. Faster progression has intensified the inequalities of the road surface, so that

[Continued on page 376]



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it became necessary for the motor manufacturer to devise some means of providing comfort for the passengers in the vehicle to counteract the unevenness of the highway. Springs have been improved considerably and the suspension of the coachwork on the chassis bettered, but until the tyre manufacturer came to the rescue of the motor maker the traveller in the small car suffered much inconvenience. With the increased section of the tyre and the lower pressure of its inflation these vehicles can now travel at quite high rates of speed over bad roads without unduly jolting the occupants. When travelling at a high speed the ordinary type of rear wheel brake, applied violently, has at times caused motor carriages to skid to the danger of themselves and other users of the roads. By distributing the application of this brake pressure to all four wheels, the braking power has been considerably increased and at the same time proved a means of preventing skidding.

\* \* \*

So many ladies drive nowadays that these additions to motor vehicles will strongly appeal to them, as they increase both comfort and safety. Women will find at Olympia that a great deal has been done to lessen their labour in managing and controlling the modern motor carriage. No longer need they soil their hands by refilling the many points where grease has to be applied; in the majority of the cars staged this can be done by a grease gun with a long extension which clips on to the oiling orifices and requires only a few twists of the handle to force the lubricant into the grease caps. Self-oiling bearings are also fitted in those places which are difficult to get at without crawling underneath the chassis. In the matter of equipment, little is now left to the purchaser to provide of those components which he formerly had to purchase. Rear windscreens, wind-

## Escape this Winter TO SOUTH AFRICA

When Britain is wrapped in cold and fog, it is summer in South Africa—blue skies and sunshine.

A holiday there is then delightful. From October to January the Cape Peninsula is as fair and alluring as the Riviera at its best. Inland there is the appeal of the veld—tremendous landscapes and tonic air; and the attraction of such towns as Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bloemfontein and Maritzburg.

And when towards April a chill creeps into the still sunny air of the higher altitudes, there are the picturesque beaches and river resorts along the Indian Ocean, at Durban, Humewood, Knysna and East London—and the Victoria Falls, the world's greatest river wonder.

A South African tour may be planned so that every day shall be a golden day in scenes noted for grandeur or beauty.

Details may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Write for descriptive travel book, "O. M." It is free.

screen wipers, clock, speedometer, petrol gauge, oil gauge, ammeter, water temperature thermometer, floor mats, step-guards and luggage-carriers are now provided in the inclusive price of the vehicle, as well as electric and bulb horns, full lighting equipment and engine starter. More suitable provision is also made for carrying the necessary tools, spare lamp bulbs, tyre pump and spare parts, such as sparking plugs, on the carriages without having to shift the passengers to reach them. One maker has discovered a means to carry the removable rigid side curtains in the panels of the body to which they belong, so that they can be raised and put into position in the cheaper form of touring car almost as conveniently as the glass windows may be raised in the more expensive limousine.

The protection demanded by all classes of motor-carriage users has increased the popularity of the light enclosed type of bodywork that will be found on most of the stands in this exhibition. Enclosed carriages were presumed to cost more to purchase in the first instance, and also in their running expenses, and, being heavier, to require greater engine power to permit them to travel as fast as the open touring-car. To-day light saloons can be found fitted on chassis of 7 h.p. to 57 h.p.—the two extreme limits of the rated horsepower of the carriages staged at the show. One of the French flying "aces" designed, some two or three years ago, a form of coachwork with the panels made of fabric instead of wood or metal in order to produce a light but completely enclosed carriage at low cost. This method has been adopted by most motor-car manufacturers, and it will be seen at Olympia applied on the most expensive and the least costly of chassis. Tastes may differ as to whether detachable wire wheels, steel artillery wheels, or disc wheels improve the appearance of a motor carriage; all three types will be found at the motor show on all sizes of carriages. Front wheel brakes have necessitated an increase in the wheel track in order to retain a wide turning lock to manoeuvre the vehicle in a small circle. This increase in the wheel track has enabled wider seats to be provided for the passengers. Some of the small cars still have the faults of giving the driver insufficient leg room if he is of more than average stature, though adjustable driving seats are common to most of the vehicles displayed. Frameless windows, with winding window lifts, add greatly to the appearance and to the ease of raising and lowering the glass partitions that are fitted to the limousine, landaulette, and other enclosed types of carriages. Four doors are provided on all but the very cheap cars, and some improvements in hoods have been effected to make them easier to open and close. This latter convenience is particularly noticeable on some of the lower-priced vehicles, the hoods of which can be raised with thumb and finger by one person without effort.


\* \* \*

There will be no bizarre coloured carriages in the present exhibition, though some of the panels certainly are bright in their hue. A noticeable feature is the means adopted to provide noiseless vehicles. Though certain exhibits have solid head coverings, there are more carriages staged with soft linings and enamelled leather heads that do not reflect any sound of the engine, gearbox, or back axle. V-fronted panels of glass are also to be seen on many carriages, and are provided because this shape is not so apt to reflect the sun's rays or those of headlights in the eyes of the driver. These enclosed carriages are also provided with better cupboard room, while there are one or two examples in which travelling wireless sets are provided for the amusement of the travellers. Accessories of this nature will also be found in the many stalls situated in the galleries of the hall. Here are also the tyre, fuel, oil, tool and jack distributors, so that motorists who already own cars will find all the latest ideas in equipment materialized before their eyes, both for useful and ornamental purposes.

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STAND 191, MOTOR EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA. OCT. 17-25.

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OCT. 17th-25th  
STAND NUMBER  
**206**



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The rate is 1s. per line—minimum five lines—and advertisements accompanied by P.O., should reach the advertisement manager not later than first post on Wednesdays.

Please note the address:

THE SATURDAY REVIEW,  
9 King Street,  
Covent Garden,  
London, W.C.2.



The "A-L" Anti-Dazzle Focus Headlight Attachment.  
Sketch showing how it works.

**"THE BEST DIMMING DEVICE I KNOW"**  
—LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

This is how Lord Montagu described the "A-L" Focus Headlight Attachment in the June issue of "Woman." But it is more than a dimming device, as Lord Montagu goes on to explain. It gives the motorist complete control of the focus of the head-lamps, by the easy manipulation of a plunger on the dash-board, from the normal long, narrow beam to a broad beam illuminating both sides of the road. Besides being a real anti-dazzle device, it is of the utmost service in fog or mist and when "cornering."

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## Acrostics

### PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

#### RULES

1.—The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page in our first issue of each month.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 136.

"THE WISEST, BRIGHTEST, MEANEST OF MANKIND"  
AND SAGE OF MALMESBURY LINKED YOU HERE WILL FIND.

1. Forth at his fell approach poor Bunny springs.
2. A widow fair, progenitress of kings.
3. In the same manner, likewise, too, as well.
4. Reverse the least erect of them that fell.
5. The 'squiffer' that delighted Miss Delaney.
6. A suit that's this to damp suits climates rainy.
7. What without me would arms and legs avail?
8. Now from an ugly ape please clip the tail.
9. A vestment priests at solemn service wear.
10. Useless to him whose head's devoid of hair.
11. Designed the wooden serpent to replace.
12. Patent to all the world, as nose on face.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 134.

OF LONDON'S DAILY JOURNALS, TWO,  
THIS RIDDLE READ, WILL COME IN VIEW.

1. The angle of yon castle-wall it crowns.
2. Attacks the young of emperors and clowns.
3. Than precept better, so the saw avers.
4. Ill would he fare without his stoves and furs.
5. The heart of that which rules both court and camp.
6. I simply revel in a bed that's damp.
7. An adjective applied to maids and ale.
8. Stiff and unyielding,—head must go, and tail.
9. Fatal to Austria in 'sixty-six.
10. His value, if you'll pardon slang, is nix.
11. A blow repeated is his well-known sign.
12. Due to all laws, both human and divine.
13. Singly, I don't produce the months æstival.
14. In hearts Sinn-Fein supreme, without a rival.

#### Solution to Acrostic No. 134.

T	ur	re	T
H	ooping-coug	H	
E	xampl	E	
M	uscovit	E	
IO		Ve	1 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
R	iver-hors	E	And men below, and saints above;
N	ut-brow	N	For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
rI	g	Id	The Lay of the Last Minstrel.
N	eedle-gu	N	2 The needle-gun was adopted by Prussia
G	ood-for-nothin	G	in 1841, though its superiority was not
P	ostma	N	demonstrated till the successful cam-
O	bedienc	E	paigns of Prussia against Denmark and
S	wallo	W	Austria in 1864 and 1866.
T	hemselfe	S	

ACROSTIC No. 134.—The winner is Viscount Doneraile, Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W., who has selected as his prize 'W. H. Hudson: an Anthology,' by Edward Garnett, published by Dent and reviewed in our columns on September 27 under the title of 'Naturalist and Mystic.' Sixty-eight other competitors chose this book, 24 named 'The Foreign Policies of Soviet Russia,' nine 'Stephen Crane,' etc., etc.

Correct solutions were also received from E. Barrett, Raymond Armitage, Baitho, L. M. Maxwell, Iago, Mrs. Le Maitre.

Lights 2, 6, 9, and 14 seem to have given solvers the most trouble. Some forgot that Hoopingcough could be spelt without a W, and that Hiccough afflicts folk of all ages, though it can hardly be said to attack them. I do not think much rice is grown in the beds of rivers. Many seem to be unaware that the breech-loading Needle-gun contributed largely to Prussia's defeat of Austria in 1866, and that Sinn fein is Gaelic for ourselves.

(Other results unavoidably held over.)

# NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

OCTOBER, 1924

## EPISODES OF THE MONTH

STANLEY BALDWIN

By WESTMINSTER

## WHY THE AUSTRALIAN LABOUR PARTY IS PROTECTIONIST

By Col. the Hon. R. A. CROUCH (Australian Delegate to the British Commonwealth Labour Conference)

## "THE GREAT GOD 'PAR'"

By Sir OSWALD STOLL  
and C. GRAHAM HARDY

## VENICE REVISITED

By HUGH MACNAGHTEN (Vice-Provost of Eton)

## HUNTING THE ELK

By PERCY STEPHENS

## THE IRISH MENACE IN SCOTLAND

By DUNCAN CAMERON

## DELHI—11th MAY 1857

By Maj.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B.

## THE HOUSING GAMBLE

By B. S. TOWNROE

## THE UNCHANGING MAGYAR

By Lt.-Col. NEWMAN CRAIG, D.S.O.

## NATURE-MYSTICISM

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OCT. 11, 1924

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CHRISTMAS, 1924.

Christmas will soon be with us once more, with all the work it entails—Christmas, known as the Children's Festival—but it is our privilege to administer to the old and sick and lonely. We have to see that over 200 Ladies have gifts of money—extra gifts because it is Christmas. I also want to send names and addresses to those willing to send a personal gift to the Ladies—handkerchiefs, a nice book, butter, a chicken or turkey. They think so much of being remembered by a parcel sent to them from a personal friend.

Then I want to suggest people kindly paying one year's rent. Think how lovely to fall asleep on Christmas night and to wake up in the morning and know your rent is paid for a year!

Then again, every poor Lady must have coals—they must have a bright and warm Christmas—and the younger ones who work for their living must not sit in the cold. How can they work if their hands are stiff with want of a warm fire? I know it means a lot of money, but coals prevent many illnesses—bronchitis and rheumatism.

I want, dear friends, each poor Lady—and there are more than 200—to be able to say when Christmas is over: "This is the happiest Christmas I can remember having ever enjoyed, for God touched the hearts of so many kind friends who remembered me," and this touch has awakened love in the hearts of the poor and lonely, and they rejoice with thanksgiving.

Please send your kind gifts of money as soon as possible, and also for names and addresses, that you may send personal gifts to those who would rejoice to have them.

Wishing you a Happy Christmas,

I am, yours truly,

EDITH SMALLWOOD, Hon. Sec.,

Lancaster House, Malvern.

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